

Here beginneth the boke of fame /
made by Geffray Chaucer:
with dyuers other of
his workes.





The boke of Fame.

Cthe prologue of Geffray Chaucer/ authoure of this wokre,

God tourne vs every dreme to good
for it is wonder thyng by the rood
To my wytte: what causeths weuenes
On the morowe or on euenes
And why the effecte foloweth of some
And of some it shall neuer come
Why that it is a visyon
And why this a revelacion
Why this a dreme/ why that a swauen
And nat to euery man lyche euuen
Why this a fanton/ why they oracles
I not: but who so of these myacles
The causes knowe bette than I
Deuyne he/ for I certainly
He can hem nat / ne neuer thynke
To busy my wytte for to swynks
To knowe of her significacions
The gendres / ne distynctiouns
Of the tymes of hem / ne the causes
Or why this is more than that is
Or yefe folkes complexions
Make hem dreme of reflexions
Or els thus/ as other sayne
For the great feblenesse of her brayne
By abstynence/or by sickenesse
Hyslon/ stryfe/ or great distresse
Or els by disordynaunce
Or naturall accustomaunce
That some men be to curious
In studye/or malancolyous
Or thus: So inly full of drie
That no man maye hym bote rede
Or els that deuocion
Of some/ and contemplacion
Causen suche dremes ofte
Or that the cruell lyfe vnsorte
Of hem that loues leden
Ofte hopen moche or dreden
That purely her impressyons
Causen hem to haue visyons
Or if spirites han the myght
To make folke to dreme on nyght
Or if the soule of proper kynde

Be so perfyte as men fynde
That it wote / what is to come
And that he warneth all and some
Of eueriche of her auentures
By auisyon or by sygutes
But that our fleshe hath no myght
To understande it a right
For it is warned to derkely
But why the cause is/nat wote I
Well worth of this thyng clerkes
That treaten of that and of other werkis
For I of none opynion
Sylly/ as nowe make mencion
But onely that the holy Rood
Tourne vs every dreme to good
For neuer sithe I was borne
Ne no man els me beforene
Mette I trowe stedfastly
So wonderfull a dreme/ as dyde I.

Cthus endeth the porlogue/ and
here begynneth the
syxt boke.



He tenth day of Decembre
The whiche/ as I can remembre
I wyll make iuuacion
With a deuout special deuocion
Unto the god of slepe anone
That dwelleth in a caue of stone
Upon a streme that cometh fro Lete
That is a stode full vnsweete
Besyde a fulke/ that men clepe Cymery
There slepeth aye this god vnmerry
With his slepy thousande sonnes
That alwaye to slepe/ her won is
And to this god/ that I of rede
Praye/ that he wyll me spedre
My swauen / for to tell a right
yefe any dreme stande in his myght
And he that mouer is of all
That is and was/ and euer shall
So gyue hem ioye that it here
Or all that they dreme to pere
And for to stande all in grace
Of her loues / or in what place
That hem were leuest for to sondre

a.ij.

And

The boke of Fame:

Ind shelde hem from pouerte and shonde
Ind from euery vnhappe and disease
Ind lende hem/ that may hem please
That taketh well/ and scornereth nougat
Se it myf deme in her thought
Through malycious entencion
Ind he/through his presumption
Or hate or scorne/ or through enuy
Dispyte or tape/or felonyn
Mys deme it/ praye I **C**esus good
Dreme he barefote/ or dreme he shood
That every harme/that any man
Hath had/ sithe the wold began
Befall hym therof or he sterue
And graunt/ that he maye it deserue
Lo/ with luche a conclusyon
As had of his visyon
Cresus/ that was kyng of **N**ype
That he vpon a gybet dyde
This prayer shall he haue of me
I am no bette in charite.

Nowe herken/ as I haue you sayds
What that I mette/or I abrayde
Of Decembre/ the tenth daye
Whan it was night/ to slepe I laye
Right as I was wont to doun
And hyll a slepe wonder lone
As he that was wery for go
On pylgrimage/myles two
To the corps of saynt Leonarde
To maken lythe/ that erst was harde
But as I slepte/ me mette I was
Within a temple/ymade of glas
In whiche there were mo ymages
Of golde/standyng in dyuers stages
And mo riche tabernacles
And with perte/ mo pynnacles
And mo riche portrautes
And queynt maner of sygures
Of golde worke/ than I sawe euer
For certaintly I nyft never
Where that I was/ but well wylt I
It was of Venus redely
The temple/ for in purtreture
I sawe anone her sygure
Naked sleyng in a see

And also on her heed parde
Rose garlandes/smellyng as a mede
And also sleyng about her hede
Her douues/ and dan Cupido
Her blynde sonne/ and Vulcano
That in his face was full browne
But I comed vp and dowone
I founde/ that on a wall there was
Thus written/on a table of bras
I wyll nowe syng/ if that I can
The armes/ and also the man
That fyrt came through his destyne
Fugityfe/ fro **T**roye the counstre
In to **T**ayle/ with moche pyne
Unto the strandes of **L**ayne
And tho began the strokis anone
As I shall tell you eche one
Fyrt saue I the destruction
Of **T**roye/ through the greke **S**ynon
With his false vntrue forsweryng
And with his chere and his lesyng
Made the horse/brought in to **T**roye
By whiche **T**royans lost their toye
And after this/ was graued alas
Howe **L**yon assayled was
And won/ and kyng **P**riamus slayne
And **P**lyto his sonne certayne
Dispitously of dan **P**yrus
And nexte that/ saue I howe **V**enus
Whan that she saue the castell brennde
Downe from heuyn she gan discende
And badde her sonne **E**neas flye
And howe he fledde/ and howe that he
Escaped was/from all the prees
And toke his fater/olde **A**nchises
And bare hym on his backe away
Cryeng/ alas and welaway
The whiche **A**nchises in his hande
Bare tho the goddes of the lande
Thylke/ that vnbrenned were
Than sawe I nexte all in fere
Howe **C**reusa/dan **E**neas wyfe
Whom that he loued/as his lyfe
And her yonge sonne **T**ulo
And eke **A**skanius also
Fledden eke with drey chere
That it was pyte for to here
And

The boke of Fame.

And in a forest as they went
At a tournyng of a went
Howe Creusa was ylost/ alas
That rede nat I/ howe it was
Howe he her sought/ and howe her foun
Badde hym syre the greces hool
And sayd/ he must in to Tayle
As was his destynye/ fauns sayle
That it was pyre for to here
Whan her spuyte gan appere
The wordes/ that to hym she sayde
And for to kepe her sonne she prayde
There sawe I grauen eke/ howe he
His father eke/ and his meyne
With his shypes gan to sayle
Towarde the countre of Tayle
As streight/ as that they myght go
There sawe I eke/ the cruell Juno
That art dan Iupiter's wyse
That hast hated all thy lyfe
All the Troyan blode
Ben and crye/ as thou were mode
On Eolus/ the god of wyndes
To blowen/ out of all kyndes
So loude/ that he shulde drenche
Lorde/lady/grome/ and wench
Of all the Troyans nacion
Without any of her sauacion
There sawe I suche tempest arysse
That every her myght agryse
To se it paynted on the wall
There sawe I eke/ grauen with all
Tenus: howe ye my lady dere
Weyping with full wohull ther
Prayeng Iupiter on hys
To sauue and kepe that nauy
Of that trogian Eneas
Siche that he her sonne was
There sawe I Ioues and Tenus kyse
And graunted was/ of the tempest lyse
There sawe I howe the tempest stent
And howe with Payne he went
And priuely toke a ryuage
In the countre of Cartage
And on the morowe/ howe that he
And a knyght that h. ghe Achate
Metten with Tenus that day

Go yng in a queynt array
As she had be an huncerelle
With wynde blowyng her tresse
And howe Eneas began to playne
Whan he knewe her of his Payne
And howe his shypes dreynt were
Or els ylost/ he myst where
Howe she gan hym confortre tho
And badde hym to Cartage go
And there he shulde his folke fynde
That in the see were leste behynde
And shottely/ of this rhynge to pass
She made Eneas so in grace
Of Dydo/ quene of that countre
That shortly for to tellen/ she
Became his loue/ and let hym do
All that weddynge longeth to
What shulde I speke more queynt
Or Payne/ my wordes to payne
To speke of loue it wyll nat be
I can nat of that faculte
And eke to tellen of the maners
Howe they synt acqueynted were
It were a long processe to tell
And ouer long for you to dwell
There sawe I graue/ howe Eneas
Colde to Dydo every case
That hym was rydde upon the see
And este grauen was/ howe that he
Made of hym shorly at a worde
Her lyfe/ her loue/ her lust/ her lorde
And dyde to hym all reverence
And layde on hym all dispence
That any woman myght do
Wenyng all it had be so
As he her swole/ and heretly detted
That he was good/ for he suche seemed
Alas/ what harme dothe apparence
Whan it is false in exsistence
For he to her a traptour was
Wherfore she slowe her selfe alas
Lo/ howe a woman dothe amysse
To loue hym that unknowen is
For every trust/ lo thus it fareth
It is nat all golde that glareth
For also/brouke I myne heed
There may be vnder goodlyheed

The boke of fame.

Couered many a shrewde byce
Therefore be no wyght so nyce
To take alone onely for chere
Or for speche or frendly manere
For thus shall euery man fynde
And s'were/ howe he is bnynde
Or false proued/or double was
All this saye I by Eneas
And Nydo/ and her nece lost
That loued all to soone a gost
Therefore/ I wyll saye o prouerbe
That he that fully knoweth the herbe
May safely ley it to his eye
Withouten drede/ that is no lye
But lette vs speke of Eneas
Howe he betrayed her alas
And leste her full bnyndely
So whan she all sawe bttely
That he wolde her of trouthe sayle
And wende fro her in to Tayle
She began to wryng her handes two
Alas quod she/ that myne hert is wo
Alas/ is every man thus trewe
That every yere wyl haue a newe
ys it so longe tyme endure
Or els thre parauenture
And thus of one he wyl haue same
In magnifyeng his owne name
Another for frendshyppe/ saythe he
And yet shall the thyde be
That is taken for delyte
Lo/or els for synguler profyte
In suche wordes gan complayne
Nydo/ of her great payne
As me mette/dremyng redely
None other authour allegre wyl I
Alas quod she/ my swete herte
Haue pyte of my sorowes smert
And ssee me nat/ go nat away
Or wotull Nydo/welaway
Quod she/ to her selfe tho
Or Eneas/ what wyl ye do
Or that loue/ne othe/ne your honde
That ye s'wore with your right honde
Re my cruell dethe quod she
May holde you styl with me
Or haue ye of my dethe pyte

Iwys myne owne dere hert/ys
Knowe full well that never yet
Is farre/as euer I had wyt
Agylte you/in thought ne in dede
Or men/haue ye suche goodlyhede
In speche/ and never a dele in trouthe
Alas/ that euer had routh
Any woman/ on a false man
Nowe I se well/ and tell can
We wretched women can no arte
For certayne/ for the more parte
Thus we ben serued everychone
Howe sore ye men can grone
Alone as we haue you receyued
Certaynly/we ben disceyued
For though your loue last a season
Wayte vpon the conclusyon
And eke/ howe ye determinye
And for the more parte defyne
Or welaway that I was borne
For through you my name is borne
And myne actes deed and songe
Querall this lande/in every tonge
Of wycked fame/ for there nys
Northyng so swyfste lo/ as she is
Or siche every thyng is wylt
Though it be couerde with the mylt
Eke though I myght endure euer
That I haue done/ recover I never
That I ne shall be sayd/ alas
yshamed was/ through Eneas
And that I shall thus iugd be
Lo/ right as she hath/ nowe she
Wyll done eftsones hardely
Thus saythe the people priuely
But that is done / is nat to done
But all her complaunt/ne her mone
Certayne/ aueyleth nat a stre
And whan she wyl soothly / he
Was forthe/ in to his shyppe gone
She in to her chambre went anone
And called for her suster Anne
And began her to complayne than
And sayd: that she the cause was
That she so loued/ alas
And thus counsayled she her to
But what / whan this sayd was and do
She

The boke of fame.

She rose her selfe to the hert
And so deyde through her smert
But all the maner/howe she deyde
And all the wordes/ howe she sayde
Who so to knowe/hath it in purpos
Bede Tergyll in Enydog
Or the epystell of Ouyde
What that she wrote or she deyde
And nere it to long tendyte
By god/ I woldc it here write
But welaaway/the harme and routhe
That hath betydde/ for such vntrouthe
As men may ofte in bokes rede
And all day/ it is yet in dede
That for to thynken ic tene is
Lo Demophon/duke of Athenes
Howe he forl wrore hym falsoy
And trayed Phylles wickedly
That the kynges daughter was of Tace
And falsoy gan his tempe pace
And whan she wylt that he was false
She henge her selfe by the halle
For he had done her such vntrouthe
Lo/ was nat this a wo and routhe
Eke loke/ howe false and recheles
Was to Breseyda Achylles
And Paris to Oenone
And Iason to Ilyphile
And este Iason to Medea
And Hercules to Dyanira
For he leste her for Iolee
That made hym catche his dethe pardes
Howe false was eke Theseus
That as the storie telleth vs
Howe he betrayed Adriane
The deuyll be his soules bane
For had he langed or loured
He must haue ben all devoured
yef that Adrian had nat be
And for she had of hym pyte
She made hym from the dethe escape
And he made her a full false tape
for after this / within a whyle
He leste her slepyng within an yle
Desert alone within the see
And stale awaie and lette her be
And toke her suster Qhedra tho

With hym/ and gan to shyppe go
And yet had he swome to hers
On all that euer he myght swere
That so she sauad hym his lyfe
He wolde taken her to his wyfe
For she desyred no thyng elles
In certayne/ as the boke vs telles
But tervise this Eneas
Fullyche of his great trespass
The boke sauhe/sauns fayle
The goddes badde hym go to Tayle
And leauen Assryques region
And Dydo/and her fayre toun
Tho I sawe graue/ howe to Tayle
Dan Eneas is gone to fayle
And howe the tempest all began
And howe he lost his steresman
Whiche that the sterne/ or he toke kepe
Smote ouer the boide/ lo ere he lepe
And also saugh I/ howe Sibylle
And Eneas/ besyde an yle
To Hell went/ for to se
His father Anchyses the free
And howe he there founde Polymatus
And also Dydo/and Deyphebus
And eueriche torment eke in Hell
Sawe he/ whiche no tonge can tell
Whiche/ who so lyft to knowe
He must rede many a rowe
In Tergyle / or in Claudyan
Or Daunt/ that it tellen can
There sawe I eke/ all the arryuayle
That Eneas had made in to Tayle
And with kynge Latyn his trete
And all the batayls that he
Was at hym selfe/ and all his knyghtes
Or he had all ywon his rightes
And whan he Turnus reste his lyfe
And wan Layyna to his wyfe
And all the marueylous signals
Of the goddes celestyals
Howe maugre Iuno/Eneas
For all her flyght and compas
Atchyued all his auenture
For Iupyn toke on hym curse
At the prayer of Turnus
The I praye alway sauhe vs

And

The boke of fame.

And vs aye/ of our sorowes lyght
Whan I had all sene this syght
In this noble temple thus
Aye lorde thought I/ that madest vs
yet sawe I never suche noblesse
Of ymages/ nor suche richeesse
As I sawe grauen in this churche
But nat wote I/ who dyde hem worche
Me where I am/ ne in what countre
But a none/ I gan out se
Right at the wpycket/ if I can
Sene ought wher/ any steryng man
That wolde haue tolde wher I am
Whan I out of the doore cam
I fast about me behelde
Than sawe I but a large felde
As farre as euer I myght se
Without towne/ house/or tree
Or bushes/or grasse/or eared lande
for all the felde was but of lande
As small/ as man may se at eye
In the deserte of Lybye
Me I no maner creature
That is formed by natura

Me sa we I/ me to rede or wylste
O Christ thought I/ that arte in blyffe
From fanton/ and illusyoun
Me sauе/ and with deuocioun
Myne eyen to the heuyn I cast
Tho was I ware/lo at the last
That fast by the sonne an hpe
As benne myght I/ with myne eye
Me thought I sawe an Egles soze
But that it seemed moche more
Than I had any Egles yseyne
This is as sothe/as dethe certayne
It was of golde/ and shone so bright
That never sawe men suche a syght
But if the heuyn had ywonne
All newe of golde another sonne
So shone the Egles fetheris bright
And soone downwarde gan it lyght.

Thus endeth the fyfth boke/ and
here after foloweth the
Sixtene.

The boke of fame.

Nowe herken every maner man
That any maner of Englishe can
And lysteneth/ of my dreme to here
For at the fyrt Hall ye here
So sely/ and so drefull a visyon
That I saye/ that never Scipion
Ne kyng Nabugodonosore
Pharao/ Turnus / ne Alcanore
Ne metten suche a dreme/ as this
Nowe fayre blys full/ O Cypris
So be my fauour at this tyme
That ye me/ tendite and ryme
Helpe ye/ that in Parnaso dwell
Besyde Elycon/ the clere well
O thought/ that wrote all that I mette
And in the tresorie it sette
Of my brayne/ nowe shall men se
Yf any vertue in the be
To tell all my dreme a right
Nowe kythe thy engyn and myght
This Egde/ of whiche I nowe haue tolde
That his fethers shone all of golde
Whiche that so hye gan to sore
I gan beholde/ more and more
To seue her beaute / and the wonder
But never was there dynt of thonder
Ne that thyng/ that men call foudre
That smyte soone a towre to poudre
And in his swyfte comyng bende
That so swythe gan downwarde discende
And this soule/ whan I beholde
Whan I a rowme was in the felde
And with his grym pawes stronge
Within his sharpe nayles longe
Me fleyng / at a swappe he hent
And with his sour/s/ agayne by went
Me carping/ in his clawes stark
As lightly/ as I had ben a latte
 Howe hye I can nat tell yow
For I came vp/ I nyst never howe
For so astonyed and assweued
That every vertue in me heued
What with his sour/s/ and my dreed
That all my fleyng gan to deed
For why/ it was a great astray
Thus I longe in his clawes lay
Cyll at last/ he to me spake

In marnes boice/ and sayd a wak
And sayd/ Be nat a gaste so for shame
And called me tho/ by my name
And for/ I shulde better abyde
Me to awake/ thus he sayd
Right in the same boice and steupn
That bseth one/ that I can neuyn
And with that boice/ sothe to sayne
My mynde came to me agayne
For it was goodly sayd to me
So was it never wont to be
And here with all I gan to stere
As he me in his fete bese
Cyll that he felte that I had heate
And felte cke tho/ myne hert beate
And tho gan he me to disporte
And with gentilly wordes me consorte
And sayd twyse/ saynt Mary
Thou arte annoyous thyng to catp
And nothyng nedeth it parde
For also wyls god helpe me
As thou no harme shalte haue of this
And this case/ that betydde the is
Is/ for thy loye and for thy pryme
Lette se/ darst thou loke yet nowe
Be full ensured boldely
I am thy frende/ and therwith I
Gan for to wonder in my mynde
O god quod I/ that madest all lynde
Shall I none otherwyse dye
Wheder I oue wyll me stellyfye
O/ what thyng maye this signifys
I am neyther Enoch ne Helye
Ne Romulus/ ne Ganemed
That were boore by/ as men rede
To heuyn/ with dan I uppere
And made the goddes boteles
Lo/ this was tho my fantasy
But he that bare gan espy
That I so thought/ and sayd this
Thou demest of thy selfe a mylles
For I oue is nat there about
I dare the purte full out of dout
To make of the yet a starre
But ere I beare the moche farre
I wyll the tell what I am
And wheder thou shalte/ and why I cam
To do

The boke of fame.

To do this/ so that thou take
Good here/ and nat so; feare quake
Gladly quod I/ nowe well quod he
Fyrst/ I that in my fete haue the
Of whom thou hast feare and wonder
I am dwellyng/ with the god of thonder
Whiche men callen Jupiter
That dorthe me slyentfull ofte fer
To do all his comauyndement
And for this cause he hath me sent
To the; Herke nowe by thy trouthe
Certayne he hath of the routhe
That thou hast so truely
Long serued ententifely
His blynde newewe Cupido
And sayre Venus also
Without guerdon/ euer yet
And netheles hast sette thy wytte
Although in thy heed full lytell is
To make bokes/ songes/ or dytees
In ryme/ or els in Cadence
As thou best canst in reverence
Of loue/ and of his seruauntes eke
That haue his seruycce sought/ and seke
And paynest the to prayse his arte
Although thou haddest never parts
Wherfore also/ god me blesse
Joues holte it great humblesse
And bessue eke/ thou doest wake
On nyght/ and makes thyne heed ake
In thy studye/ so thou wxitest
And euermore of loue endytest
In honour of hym and praysing
And in his folkes furthereyng
And in her mater all deuytest
And nat hym/ ne his folke dispysest
Although thou mayst go in the daunce
Of hem/ that hym lyf nat auaunce
Wherfore/ as I sayd ywys
Jupiter confydeth well this
And also beausyze of other chynges
That is/ thou hast no tidynges
Of loues folke/ if they be glade
Ne of nothyng els that god made
And nat onely fro farre countre
That no tidynges comen to the
Ne of thy very neigboures

That dwellen almost at thy doxes
Thou herest neyther that ne this
For whan thy labour all done is
And hast made all thy rekenynges
In stede of rest/ and of newe thynges
Thou gost home/ to thyne house anone
And also dombe as a stome
Thou syttest at another boke
Cyll fully dased is thy loke
And lyuest thus/ as an Hermyte
Although thyne abstynence is lyte
And therfore Joues/ through his grace
Wyll that I shall beare the to a place
Whiche that hight the house of fame
And to do the spoerte and game
In some recompensacion
Of thy labour and deuocion
That thou hast had / to causeles
To god Cupido the recheles
And thus this god / for his merpte
Wyll with some maner thyng the quytes
So that thou wylte be of good cheare
For trust well/ that thou shalte here
Whan we be comen/ there I saye
Mo wonder thynges I dare well laye
And of loues folke mo tidynges
Mo the sothswes and lesynges
And mo loues newe begon
And long serued tyll loue is won
And mo louers casuall
That ben betydde/ no man wote why
But as a blynde man sterterth an hare
And mo iolyre and welfare
Whyle they synde loue of stede
As thyne men / and ouer all wele
Mo discorde/ and mo ielousies
Mo murmures / and mo nouclies
And also mo dissymulacions
And eke slyned reperacions
And mo berdes in two houres
Without casour or syours
Imade/ than graynes be of sandes
And eke mo holdyng in handes
And also mo renouelances
Of olde for leten acqueyntances
Mo louedapes / and mo accordes
Than on instrumentes ben cordes

Ind

The boke of Fashe

Ind eke of loue mo exchatinges
Than euer comes were in graunges
Wimeth may thou trowen this
Quod he no so helpe me god as wps
Quod I ne why quod he for it
Were impossibl to my wyt
Though Fashe had all the ppes
In all a realme / and all esppes
 Howe that she shulde here all this
Or they espyen that or this
Quod he to me / that can I preue
By reason / worthy for to leue
So that thou gyue thyne aduertence
To vnderstante my sentence
First shall thou here where she dwelleth
Right so / as thyne owne boke telleth
Her palais standeth / as I shall say
Right eypn a myddes of the way
Betwene heuyn / erthe / and see
That what soeuer in all the thre
Is spoken in priue or appete
The way thereto is so smerte
And stant eke in so iust a place
That every towne mote to it pace
Or what so cometh from any tonge
Be it rowned / reed / or songe
Or spoken in surete or drede
Certayne / it mote thyder nedes
Howe herken well / for why I wyll
Tellen the a proper skyll
And a worthy demonstracion
In myne ymaginacion

Geffray / thou wottest well this
That every kynde that is
Hath a kyndly stede that he
May best in it conserued be
Unto whiche place every thyng
Through his kyndly enclyning
Meueth so to come to
Than that is a way thereto
As thus: Lo howe thou mayst all day se
That any thyng that heuy be
As stone or leed / or thyng of weight
And beare it neuer so highe on height
Lette go thyne hande / it falleth downe
Right so say I / by fyre and sowne

Or smoke / or other thynges lyght
Alway they seke upwarde on heyght
Light thynges / up and downwarde charge
Whyle eueriche of hem be at large
And for this cause / thou mayst well se
That every ryuer bnto the see
Enclyned is / to go be kynde
And by these skylls I fynde
Haue fylches dwellyng in floode and see
And trees eke on erthe be
Thus every thyng by his reason
Hath his owne proper mancyon
The whiche he seketh to repayre
There as it shulde nat appye
Lo / this sentence is knownen couthe
Of every phylosophers thouthe
As Hystotell and van Platon
And other clerkes many one
And to confygne my reason
Thou wost well / that speche is a sowne
Or els no man myght it here
Howe herke what I wyll the lere
Sowne is nat but ayre ybroke
And every speche that is spoken
Loude or priue / soule or sayre
In his substance / is but an ayre
For as flame is but lyghted smoke
Right so is sowne / ayre ybroke
But this may be in many wyle
Of whiche I wyll the deuse
As sowne cometh of pype or harpe
For whan a pype is blowen sharpe
The ayre is twyst with yviolence
And rent: Lo / this is my sentence
Eke / whan men harpestrynges smynt
Wheder it be moche or lyte
Lo / with the stroke the ayre to breketh
And right so breketh it / whan men speketh
This wost thou well / what thyng is speche
Howe hens forthe / I wyll the teche
Howe every speche / boyce or sowne
Through his multiplicacion
Though it were pype or mouse
Mote nedes come to Fames house
I proue it thus / take hede nowe
By experiance / for if thou
Threwe in a water nowe a stone

Alytell

The boke of fame.

To do this/ so that thou take
Good heire/ and nat for feare quake
Gladly quod I/ nowe well quod he
Fyrst/ I that in my fete haue the
Of whom thou hast feare and wonder
I am dwellyng/ with the god of thonder
Whiche men callen Jupiter
That dorthe me slyentfull ofte fer
To do all his comauement
And for this cause he hath me sent
To the: Herke nowe by thy trouthe
Certayne he hath of the trouthe
That thou hast so truely
Long serued ententifely
His blynde neuewe Cupido
And fayre Venus also
Without guerdon/ euer yet
And netheles hast sette thy wytte
Although in thy heed full lytell is
To make bokes/ songes/ or dyters
In ryme/ or els in Cadence
As thou best canst in reverence
Of loue/ and of his seruautes eke
That haue his seruice songhe/ and seke
And paynest the to prapse his arte
Although thou haddest never pacc
Wherfore also/ god me blesse
Joues holte it great humblesse
And vertue eke/ thou doest wake
On nyght/ and makes thyne heed ake
In thy studye/ so thou wrytest
And euermore of loue endytest
In honour of hym and praysing
And in his folkes furtheryng
And in her mater all deuysest
And nat hym/ ne his folke dispysest
Although thou mayst go in the daunce
Of hem/ that hym lyst nat auaunce
Wherfore/ as I sayd ywys
Jupiter confydreth well this
And also beausyze of other thynges
That is/ thou hast no tidynges
Of loues folke/ if they be glade
Ne of nothyng els that god made
And nat onely fro faire countre
That no tidynges comen to the
Nat of thy bery neigboures

That dwellen almost at thy dores
Thou herest neyther that ne this
For whan thy labour all done is
And hast made all thy rekenynges
In stede of rest/ and of newe thynges
Thou goest home/ to thyne house alone
And also dombe as a stome
Thou syttest at another boke
Cyll fully dased is thy loke
And lyuest thus/ as an hermyte
Although thyne abstynence is lyte
And therfore Joues/ through his grace
Wyll that I shal beare the to a place
Whiche that hight the house of fame
And to do the spotte and game
In some recompensacion
Of thy labour and deuocion
That thou hast had / to causeles
To god Cupido the recheles
And thus this god / for his merpte
Wyll with some maner thyng the quytte
So that thou wylte be of good cheare
For trust well/ that thou shalte here
Whan we be comen/ there I saye
Mo wonder thynges I dare well laye
And of loues folke mo tidynges
Bothe sothlawes and lesynge
And mo loues newe begon
And long serued till loue is won
And mo louers casuall
That ben betydde/ no man wote why
But as a blynde man sterterh an hate
And moxe iolyte and welfare
Whyle they synde loue of stelle
As thynde men / and ouerall wele
Mo discordes / and mo ielousies
Mo murmures / and mo noueltes
And also mo dissymulacions
And eke seyned reperacions
And mo berdes in two houres
Without casour or syours
Imade/ than graynes be of sandes
And eke mo holdyng in handes
And also mo renouelances
Of olde for leten acqueyntances
Mo louedayes / and mo accordes
Than on instrumentes ben cordes

Ind

The boke of faine

And eke of loue mo exchastinges
Than euer comes were in graunges
Unmeth may thou trowen this
Quod he/no so helpe me god as wps
Quod I/ ne why quod he/ for it
Were impossibl to my wyt
Though faine had all the ppes
In all a realme / and all espyes
Howe that she shulde here all this
Or they espyen that or this
Quod he to me/that can I preue
By reason/ worthy for to leue
So that thou gyue thyne aduertence
To vnderstante my sentence
First shall thou here where she dwelleth
Right so/ as thyne owne boke telleth
Her palais standeth/as I shall say
Right eynyn a myddes of the way
Betwene heuyn/ erthe/ and see
That what soeuer in all the thre
Is spoken in priue or appette
The way thereto is so smerte
And stant eke in so iust a place
That every sowne mote to it pace
Or what so cometh from any tonge
Be it rowned/reed/or songe
Or spoken in surete or drede
Certayne/it mote thyder nedes
Nowe herken well/ for why I wyll
Tellen the a proper skyll
And a worth y demonstracion
In myne ymagination

Geffray/ thou wottest well this
That every kynde that is
Hath a kyndly stede that he
May best in it conserued be
Unto whiche place every thyng
Through his kyndly enclyning
Neueth for to come to
Than that is a way thereto
As thus: Lo howe thou mayst all day se
That any thyng that heuy be
As stone or leed/ or thyng of weight
And beare it neuer so highe on height
Lette go thyne hande/ it falleth downe
Right so say I/ by fyre and sowne

Or smoke / or other thynges lyght
Alway they seke upwarde on heught
Light thynges/up and downwarde charge
Whyle eueriche of hem be at large
And for this cause/thou mayst well se
That every ryuer vnto the see
Enclyned is/ to go be kynde
And by these skylls I synde
Haue fylches dwellyng in floode and see
And trees eke on erthe be
Thus every thyng by his reason
Hath his owne proper mancyon
The whiche he seketh to repayre
There as it shulde nat appye
Lo/ this sentence is knownen couthe
Of every phylosopheris thouthe
As Hystotell and van Platon
And other clerkes many one
And to confirme my reason
Thou wost well/ that speche is a sowne
Or els no man myght it here
Nowe herke what I wyll the lere
Sowne is nat but ayre ybroke
And every speche that is spoken
Loude or priue / soule or sayre
In his substance/ is but an ayre
For as flame is but lyghted smoke
Right so is sowne/ ayre ybroke
But this may be in many wyle
Of whiche I wyll the deuyse
As sowne cometh of pype or harpe
For whan a pype is blowen sharpe
The ayre is twyst with ybolence
And rent: Lo / this is my sentence
Eke/ whan men harpestrynges smyte
Wheder it be moche or lyte
Lo/ with the stroke the ayre to breketh
And right so breketh it/whan men speketh
This wost thou well/what thyng is speche
Nowe heng forthe/ I wyll the teche
Howe every speche/ boyce or sowne
Through his multyplication
Though it were pype or mouse
Note nedes come to fames house
I proue it thus/ take hede nowe
By experiance/ for if thou
Threwen in a water nowe a stone

Alytell

The boke of farte

Well wost thou/ it wyl make anone
A lytell roundell/ as a cercle
Parauenture/ as brode as a couerte
Brodder than hym selfe was
And thus fro roundell to compas
Eche about other goyng
Causeth of others sterbyng
And multiplyeng euermore
Tyll it be so farre go
That it at bothe brinkes be
Although thou may it nat se
Aboue it gothe/ yet alwaye under
It is/ though thou thynke it wonder
And who so saythe/ of trouthe I wary
Wydde hym proue the contrary
And right thus/ every wodde wylis
That loude or preuy spoken is
Moueth fyfth/ in the ayre about
And of his mouyng out of dout
Another ayre/ anone is moued
As I haue/ of the water proued
That every cercle causeth other
Right so of ayre/ my leue brother
Cueriche ayre in other shrech
More and more/ and speche vp hereth
Or boyce or noysse/ wodde or sounce
Aye/ through multiplyacion
Tyll it be at the house of fame
Take it on ernest or in game
 Howe haue I tolde/ if thou haue mynde
 Howe speche or sounce/ of pure kynde
Enclyned is/ vpwarde to moue
This mayst thou sele well by proue
Ah ha quod he/ lo so I can
Leudly unto a leude man
Speke and shewe hym suche lylles
That he may take hym by the bylles
So palpable the lylles be
But tell me this/ nowe praye I the
 Howe thynketh the my conclusyon
A good persuacion
Quod I/ and lyke to be
Right so/ as thou hast proued me
By god quod he/ and as I leue
Thou shalte haue yet or it be eue
Of every wodde of this sentences
And also prose/ by expecience

And with thyne eares heren well
Toppe and tayle/ and everydell
That every wodde that spoken is
Cometh in to fames house wylis
As I haue said/ what wylte thou more
And with this wodde/ bpper to soze
He began/ and said by saynt I ame
Nowe wyl we speken all of game
Howe farest thou nowe/ quod he to me
Well quod I/ nowe se quod he
By thy trouthe yonde adolone
Where that thou knowest any towne
Or house/ or any other thyng
And whan thou hast of ought knowyng
Loke that thou warne me
And I anone shall tell the
Howe farre thou arte nowe therfore
And I adolone gan to loke tho
And behelde feldes and playns
Nowe hylles/ and nowe mountayns
Nowe vales/ and nowe foxelles
And nowe banchet great beelles
Nowe ryuers/ nowe great cyters
Nowe townes/ nowe great tress
Nowe shypes/ sayling in these
But thus soone/ in a wylle he
Was flosen fro the grounde so hys
That all the wodde/ as to myn epe
No more semed then a pycce
Or els/ the ayre was so thicke
That I myght it nat discerne
With that he spake to me so verne
And sayd/ Seest thou amy token
Or ought/ that in the wodde is of spoken
I said nay/ no wonder is
Quod he/ for never hafse so hys as this
Mas Hysaunder of Macedo
Lyng/ Sie of Rome dan Scipio
That satwe in dyreme pouyn deuyk
Heuyn and hell/ and paradise
Ne eke the wright Nedalus
Ne his sonne myse I charus
That slawe so hys/ that the bete
His wynges malte/ and he syll were
In mydde the see/ and there he dreynyt
For whom was made a great compleynyt
Nowe tourne upwarde quod he thy face

And

The boke of fame.

And beholde this large space
This ayre/ but loke that thou ne be
A dradde of hem/ that thou shalte se
For in this region certayne
Dwelleth many a citezen
Of whiche speketh dan Plato
These ben the eysshe beetles to
And tho sawe I all the meyne
Bothe gone/ and also fye
Lo quod he/ cast by thyne eye
He ponder lo/ the Galarpe
The whiche men clepe the mylky waye
For it is whyte; And some perhaye
Callen it Watlyng stree
That ones was bren特 with the hete
Whan the sonnes somme the reade
That hyte Pheron wylde leade
Algate his fathars carte/ and gye
The carte horse/gan well espe
That he coude no gouernance
And gan for to leape and daunce
And beare hym by/ and nowe downe
Tyll he sawe the Scorpoun
Whiche that in heuyn/ a signe is yet
And he for feare lost his wyt
Of that/ and let the reynes gone
Of these horse/ and they anone
Gan by to mount/ and downe discende
Tyll bothe ayre and ethre brende
Tyll Iupiter lo/ at the last
Hym lowe/ and fro the carte cast
Lo/ is it nat a great myschance
To lette a sole haue gouernance
Of thynges/ that he can nat demayne
And with this worde/sorthe for to sayne
He gan alwaye bpper to sore
And gladed me/ than more and more
So faithfully to me speake he
Tho gan I loke vnder me
And beholde the eysshe beetles
Cloudes/mystes/ and tempestes
Snowes/hayles/ raynes/ and wyndes
And all thengendring in her kyndes
And all the way/ throught whiche I cam
O god quod I/ that made Adam
Moche is thy might and nobles
And tho thought I vpon Doece

That witterh/ a thought may fye so hys
With fetheres of philosophye
To passen oueriche Element
And he hath so farre ywent
Than may he se behynde his backe
Cloude and all/ that I of speake
Tho gan I were in a were
And sayd/ I mote well I am here
Wheder in body or in goost
I nat ywis/ but god thou wolt
For more clere entendement
Had he me never yet sent
Than thought I on Marcyan
And eke on Anteclaudian
That sorthe was/ their discipcion
Of all the heuyns region
Is farre as I sawe the preie
And therfore I can hem leue
With that the Egle can to cye
Lette be quod he thy fantasye
Wylle thou here/ of starres ought
May certaintly quod I/ right noughe
And why quod he/ for I am olde
Tis wylde I haue the tolde
Quod he/ starres names lo
And all the heuyns signes to
And whiche they be; no force quod I
yes parde quod he/ wolt thou why
Whan thou redest poetry
Howe the goddes can stellyfys
Wynde/sylle/ or hym or her
Is the Rauyn and other
O Ariones harpe syne
Castor/Polure/or Delphyne
O Athalantes daughters sewyn
Howe all these are sette in heuyn
For though thou haue hem ofte in hande
yet nost thou/ where they stande
No force quod I/ it is no nede
As well I leue/ so god me spede
Hem that witten of this matere
As though I knewe her places here
And eke they shynen here so bright
I shulde shenden all my sight
To loke on hem/ that may well be
Quod he/ and so forthe bare he me
A whyle; and tho he gan to cye
b That

The boke of fame.

That never herde I thyng so hpe
Holde vp thyne heed/ for it is well
Savnt Julyan lo/bonne hostell
Se here the house of fame lo
Mayst thou nat here that I do
What quod I/ the great sowne
Quod he/that rombleth vp and downe
In fames house/ full of tiddynge
Bothe of fayre speche/ and of other thyngs
And of false and sorthe compouned
Herken well/ it is nat rownd
Herest thou nat the great swough
yes parde quod I/ well ynough
And what sowne is it lyke quod he
Peter/ lyke the beatyng of the see
Quod I/ agaynst the roches holothe
Whan tempestes don her shypes swalowe
And that a man stande out of dout
A myle thens/ and here it roun
Or eis lyke the humblyng
After the clappe of a thundryng
Whan Ioues hath the ayre ybete
But it dothe me for feare s wete
Sav/drede the nat therof quod he
It is nothyng that wyll greeue the
Thou shalte haue no hatme truely
And with that worde/ bothe he and I
As nyghe the place acryued were
As men myght cast with aspere
I myst howe/ but in a strete
He sette me fayre on my fete
And sayd/ walke forthe a pace
And tell thyne aventure and case
That thou shalte synde in fames place
Nowe quod I/ whyle we haue space
To speke/or that I go fro the
For the loue of god tell me
In sorthe/that I wyll of the lete
peste this noyse that I here
We/ as I haue herde the tell
Of folke/ that forthe in erthe dwell
And here in the same wyse
As I the herde or this deuse
And that here/ lyues body nys
In all that house/that yonder is
That maketh all this loude fare
No quod he by saynt Clare

And also wps god helpe me
But o ihyng I wyll warne the
Of the whiche thou wylte haue wonder
Lo/to the house of fame yonder
Thou wost howe cometh euery speche
It nedeth nat the more to teche
But vnderstande right well this
Whan any speche ycomen is
Unto that palais anone right
It weyeth lyche the same weighe
Whiche that in erthe the worde spake
Be he clothed in red or blake
And hath so veri his lykenesse
That spake the worde/ and thou wylte gelle
That it the same body be
Man or woman/ he or she
And is nat this a wonder thyng
yes quod I by heuyns kyng
And with this worde/ farewell quod he
And here wyll I abyde the
And god of heuen sende the grace
Some good to letne in this place
And I of hym toke leaue anone
And gan forthe to the palays gone.

¶ Thus endeth the seconde boke/ and
herafter foloweth the
thirde.

The boke of fame.

God of science and of lyght
Appollo/through thy great myght
This lytell last boke/ thou nowe gye
That that I wyl for maistrye
Here arte potencyal be shende
But the ryme that is so leude
Made it somwhat agreeable
Though some verse sayle syllable
And that I do no dilygence
To shewe crafe/but sentence
And if dyuine vertue thou
Wylte helpe me to shewe nowe
That in my heed marked is
Lo/ that is for to meuen this
The house of fame to discryue
Thou shalte se me go as blyue
Unto the next laurer I se
And kylle it/ for it is thy tre
Nowe entre in to my brest anone
Whan I was from the Eggle gone
I gan beholde vpon this place
And certayne/ or I further pace
I wyl you all the shappe deuyse
Of house/of cyte/ and of the wylle
Howe I gan to the place approche
That stant vpon so hye a roche
There standeth none so hye in Spayne
But vp I clame/ with moche payne
And though to clymbe/ it greued me
Yet I ententyse was to se
And for to pore wonder lowe
Yese I coude any wylle knowe
What maner ston this roche was
for it was lyke a lymed glas
But that it shewed more clere
But of what congeled matere
It was/ I ne wylt redely
But at the last espyed I
And sondre/ that it was everydele
A roche of yse/ and nat of stelle
Thought I by saynt Thomas of Kent
This were a feble foudement
To bylden on a place so hye
He ought hym well to glorifyse
That heron bylte/ so god me sauie
Tho sawe I all the hall ygrauie
With famous folkes names ful

That haue ben in moche wele
And her names wyde blowe
But well knoweth myght I knowe
And letters for to rede
Her names/ for out of dyede
They weren almost ouerthowred so
That of the letters/ one or two
Were molte away of every name
So vnlamous was ware her fame
But men saye/ what may euer last
Tho gan I in myne hert cast
That they were molte away for hete
And nat awaye with stormes bete
For on that other syde/ I saye
On this hyll/that northwarde laye
Howe it was wroten full of names
Of folke/ that had afore great fames
Of olde tyme/ and yet they were
As frellshe/as men had wroten hem there
The selbe day/ or that hour
That I on hem gan to poure
But well I wylt what it made
It was conserued with the shade
Of a castell/that so stode on hye
All the wryting that I sye
And stode eke/ in so colde a place
That heate myght it nat deface
Tho gan I on this hyll to gone
And sondre on the coppe a wone
That all the men that ben on lyue
Ne han the connyng to discryue
The beaute of that plike place
Ne coude cast the compace
Suche another for to make
That myght of beaute be his make
Ne so wonderly ywrought
That it asonyed/ yet my thought
And maketh all my wytte to swynke
On this castell for to thynke
So that the great beaute
The cast crafe and curiosyte
Ne can I nat to you deuyse
My wytte may it nat suffyce
But netheles/ all the substaunce
I haue yet in my remembraunce
For whi/ me thought by saynt Eggle
All was of ston of beryle

The boke of fame.

Bothe the castell and the tour
And eke the hall/and euery hour
Without pees or ioyninges
But many subtell compasynge
As babeuries and pynnacles
Imageries and tabernacles
I sawe eke/ and full of wyndowes
As flakes fallen in great snowes
And eke in euery of eche pynacles
Were sondrie habytacles
In whiche stoden/ all they withouten
Full the castell all abouten
Of all maner of mynstralles
And iestours that tellen tales
Bothe of wepyng and of game
And of all/ that longeth vnto fame
There herde I playe on an harpe
That sowned well and sharpe
Hym **O**rpheus full craftely
And on his syde fast by
Satte the harper **O**rión
And Gacides Chyzion
And other harpers many one
And the Briton **G**las kyzone
And small harpers with her glees
Satte vnder hem in dyuers sees
And gon on hem vpwarde to gape
And counterfayted hem/as an ape
Or as crafte counterfayte kynde
Tho sawe I hem behynde
A farre from hem / as by hem selue
Many thousande tymes twelue
That made loude mynstraleyes
In cornmuse or shalmeyes
And many another pype
That craftely began to pype
Bothe in douced and in rede
That ben at feestes with the briede
And many a floyte and lytyng brome
And pypes made of stree of corne
As haue these lytell heerd gromes
That kepen beestes in the bromes
There sawe I than dan **C**ytherus
And of **A**thenes dan **P**roserus
The **M**ercia/ that lost her skynne
Bothe in face/ body/ and chynne
For that she wolde enuyen lo

To pypen/ bette than **A**pollo
There sawe I eke famous olde and yonge
Pypers/ of the duche tonge
To lerne houe daunces springes
Reyes/ and the straunge thynges
Tho sawe I in another place
Standynge in a large space
Of hem that maken blody soun
In trumpe beme and claryoun
For in fyght and blode shedyng
Is vsed good clarionyng
There herde I trumpe **M**essenus
Of whom that speketh **T**ergilius
There herde I **T**oab trumpe also
Theodonas/ and other mo
And all that vsed clacion
In **C**astell/ **L**yon/ and **A**ragon
That in her tymes famous were
To lernen/sawe I trumpen there
There sawe I sytte in her sees
Pleyeng vpon other lees
Whiche I can nat neuuen
Mo than sterres ben in heuen
Of whiche I myll/as nowe nat tyme
For ease of you/and losse of tyme
For tyme ylost/that knowe ye
By no waye/couered may be
There sawe I play iogeler
Magiciens and trageotours
And pheronysses and charmeresses
Olde wytches and sorceresses
That vsen exorsisacions
And many other iuuacations
And clerkes that connen well
All this magyke naturell
That craftely do her ententes
To maken in certayne ascendentes
yimages lo/ through such magyks
To make a man hole or leke
There sawe I the quene **M**edea
And **C**yrxes eke/and **C**aliophia
There sawe I **H**ermes/ **B**allenus
Lymote/and eke **S**ymon **M**agus
There sawe I/and knewe hym by name
That by suche arte done men fame
There sawe I **C**oll tregetour
Upon a table of **S**ycomour

Pley

The boke of fame.

Bley/an vncouthe thyng to tell
I sawe hym carry a wynde melle
Under a walnote shale
What shulde I make lengre tale
Of all the people that I say
I coude nat tell tyll domis day
Whan I had all this folke beholde
And sond me loos and nat holde
And este I mused a lengre whyle
Upon this wall of Beryle
That shone lyghter than a glas
And made it well more than it was
As kynde thyng of fame is
And than anone after this
I gan forthe romentyll I sonde
The castell/that on my right honde
Whiche so well coruen was
That neuer suche another nas
And yet it was by aventure
ywrought/ by great and subtyll cure
It nedeth nat you for to tell
To make you lengre to dwell
Of these pates florishynges
Ne of compaces/ ne of karuynges
Ne howe the hackyng in masonries
As coblettes/and ymageries
But lorde/ so fayre it was to shewe
For it was all of golde behewe
But in I went/and that anone
There mette I cryeng many one
A larget a larget/ vp holde well
God sau the lady of this pell
Our owne gentyll lady fame
And hem that wylleth to haue a name
Of vs/ thus herde I cryen all
And fast comen out of the hall
And shoke nobles and starlynges
And crowned were they as kynges
With crownes wrought full of lesynges
And many reban/and many thynges
Were in her clothes trewly
Tho at last espyed I
That purseuauntes and heraudes
That cryen ryche folkes laudes
It weren all/ and every man
Of hem/as I you tell can
Had on hym thowe a besture

Whiche men clepe a cote armes
Enbrouded wonderly riche
Althoough they were nat yliche
But nat wyl I/ so mote I thine
Be about to discryue
All these armes what they weren
That they thus on her cotes been
For it to me were impossyble
Men myght make of hem a byble
Twentie fote thicke/ as I towe
For certayne/ who so coude knowe
Myght there/all the armes se
Of famous folke that had be
In Hertire/Europē/and Asye
Sith the fyre lo chivalry
Lo/ howe shulde I tell all this
Ne of the halleke/ what nedē is
To tellen you that euery wall
Of it/and rose and flore with all
Was plated/halfe a fote thicke
Of golde/ and that was nat wycke
But to proue in all wyse
As fyne/ as ducket of Weuyse
Of whiche/ to lyte in my pouche is
And were sette/as thicke as ouches
full of the synest stones fayre
That men reden in the lappdayre
Or as grasses growen in a mede
But it were all to longe to rede
The names; and therfore I pace
But in this riche lusty place
That fames hall called was
full moche prees of folke there was
No gronyng/ for so moche prees
But all on hye byon a dees
Satte on a se empervall
That was made of a Ruby royall
Whiche a carbuncle is ycalled
I sawe perpetually ystalled
A femynine creature
That never formed by nature
Suche another thyng I saye
For altherfyre/ sothe to saye
We thought that she was so lyte
That the length of a cubyte
Was lengre/ than she seemed be
But thus soone in a whyle she

The boke of fame.

Her selfe/ tho wonderly strenght
That with her fete she therthe ceyght
And with her heed/ she touched heuyn
There as shyneth the starres sewyn
And thereto yet / as to my wytte
I sawe as great a wonder yet
Upon her eyen to beholde
But certainly/ I hem never tolde
For as fell eyen had she
As fethers upon fowles be
Or weren on the beesles four
That goddes trone can honour
As wrichth Iohan/ in the apocalyps
Her heer/ that was owndy and cryps
As burned golde shone/ as for to se
And sothe to tellen / also she
Had also fell standyng eares
And tonges/ as on a beest ben heares
And on her fete woren sawe I
Partriches wynges redily
But lord/ the petry and richeesse
I sawe sytting on the goddesse
And the heuynly melody
Of songes full of armony
I herde about her trone yonge
That all the palays wall rong
So songe the mighty muse she
That cleped is/ Calyope
And her sewyn sustern eke
That in her faces seuen meke
And euermore eternally
The song of fame tho herde I
Heryed be thou/ and thy name
Goddes of renoun and of fame
Tho was I ware/ at the last
As I myne eyen gan vp cast
That this ylike noble quene
On her shulders gan sustene
Bothe armes and the name
Of tho/ that had large fame
Hysander and Hercules
That with a sherte his lyse dyde lese
And thus founde I sytting this goddesse
In noble honour and richeesse
Of whiche I synite a whyle no'we
Other thynges to tellen yow
Tho sawe I stande on thother syde

Straight downe to the dores wyde
From the deys many a pyller
Of metall/ that shone nat full clere
But though they were of no rychesse
yet were they made of great nobles
And in hem great sentence
And folke of great and digne reuerence
Of whiche to tell wyl I fonde
Upon a pyller sawe I stonde
Aldryght/ there I sye
Upon a pyller stonde on hys
That was of lede and of yron fyne
Hym that wrote the actes diuyne
The Ebrayke Iosophus the olde
That of iewes iestes tolde
And bare upon his shulders hys
The fame vp of the Turpe
And by hym/ there stoden sewyn
Wyse and worthy/ for to neuyn
To helpen hym bete by the charge
It was so hevy and so large
And for they witten of batayles
As well/ as of other marueyles
Therefore was lo/this pyller
Of whiche I you tell here
Of leed and yron bothe ywis
For yron hartes metall is
Whiche that god is of batayle
And the leed withouten fayle
Is lo/ the metall of Saturne
That hath full large whelle to turne
To stande forthe on every rote
Of hem/whiche I coude knoue
Though I by oxer hem nat tell
To maken you to long to dwelle
These/ of whiche I gan rede
There sawe I stande out of dyde
Upon a pyller hys and stronge
That paynted was all endlonge
With Tylgrys blode in every place
The Tholophan that hight Stace
That bare of Thebes by the name
Upon his shulders/ and the fame
Also of cruell Hchyries
And by hym withouten lees
Full wonder hight upon a pyller
Of yron/ he the great Omer

End

The boke of Faþe.

And with hym Dares and Cytus
Before/and eke he Lollus
And Guido eke/ de Columpny
And Englyſſe Gauſtryde/ eke pwyſ
And eche of theſe / as I haue ioye
Was buſy for to beare by Troye
So heup was therol the fame
That for to beare it was no game
But yet / I gan full well espye
Byt were hem was a lyrell enyue
Other ſayd / that Dimer made lyeſ
ſeyming in hiſ poēties
And was to the Grekes fauorable
Therefore helde he it but a fable
Tho ſawe I ſtande on a pyller
That was of tynned prone clere
The latyn poēte Vergyle
That hath boore by a long whyle
The fame of Pius Eneas
And nerke on a pyller was
Of copper / Venus clere Dypde
That hath ſowen wonders wyde
The great god of loue / hiſ fame
And there he bare by well hiſ name
Upon thiſ pyller / alſo hye
As I myght ſe it wiþ myne eye
For whiche thiſ hall / wherof I rede
Was waſe on heypght / length and bredē
Well more by a thouſande dele
Than it was erſt / that ſawe I wels
Tho ſawe I on a pyller by
Of prone wrought full ſterlyn
The great poēte dan Lucan
That on hiſ ſhoulders bare by than
As hye as I miȝt ſe
The name of Julius and Pompes
And by hym ſtooden all theſe clerkes
That wate of Romes mighty warres
That if I wolde her names tell
All to long muſt I dwel
And than upon a pyller ſtoode
Of Sulphure / lyche as he were wode
Dan Claudian / ſothe for to tell
That bare by all the ſame of Hell
Of Pluto / and of Proſerpyne
That quene is of the derke pyne
What ſhulde I moſe tell of thiſ

The hall was all full pypys
Of hem that wren olde iestes
As ben in trees rokes nestes
Were all theſe iestes for to here
But it is a full confuſe maſtre
That they of white / and houe they hyghe
But whyle that I behelde that ſyght
I herde a noyle apprechen blyue
That fareth / as bees don in an hysue
Ayenſt her tyme of out comyng
Right ſuſe a murmurynge
Fye / all the wrold ſemed me
Tho gan I loke about me and ſe
That there come entryng in to the hall
A ryght great company with all
And that of longrie regions
Of all kyngs conbycions
That dwell in ethhe / under the moone
Hoore and riche / and alſo ſoone
As they were come in to the hall
They gan on knees downe fall
Before thiſ like noble quene
And ſayd / graunt vs lady ſhene
Eche of vs / of thiſ grace abone
And ſome of hem ſhe graunted ſong
And ſome ſhe warned well and ſayze
And ſome ſhe graunted / he conrappes
What there grace was I myſt
for of theſe folke full well I myſt
They had good fame eche deſerued
Although they were diuerſly ſerued
Right as her ſuſter dame Iorūus
Is wont to ſerue in comune
Hoſe herken / hoſe ſhe gan to paye
Hem / that gan her of grace praye
And yet lo / all thiſ company
Heyden ſothe / and nat a lye
Madame ſayd they / we be
folke / that here beſechen the
That thou graunt vs nowe good fame
And let our workes haue good name
In full recompensiacion
Of good workes / gyue vs renoun
I warne you quod the anone
ye geſe of me good fame none
By god / and therfore go your way
Mas quod they / and weleway

¶ell

The boke of fame:

Tell vs what your cause be
For me lyst nat it quod she
No wyght shall speke ywys
Good ne harne/ne that ne this
And with that word/she gan to call
Her messanger/ that was in the hall
And badde that he shulde fast gone
Upon Payne to be blynde anone
For Colus/ the god of wynde
In Trace/ there ye shall hym fynde
And bydde hym bring his clarion
That is full dyuers of his sowne
And it is cleped clere Laude
With whiche he wont is to heraude
Hem that me lyst/ yprayed be
And also bydde hym/howe that he
Bring eke his other claryon
That hight Sclaundre/ in every town
In whiche he wont is to diffame
Hem that me lyst/ and do hem shame
This messanger gan fast to gone
And sonde/ where in a caue of stone
In a countre that hight Trace
This Colus/ with harde grace
Helde the wyndes in distresse
And gan hem/ vnder hym to presse
That they gone/as the Weres rore
He bonde/ and presed hem so soye
This messanger gan fyrt ctye
Byle vp quod he/ and fast the hye
Tyll thou at my lady be
And take thy clarions eke with tho
And sped the fast: and he anone
Toke to one that hight Tritone
His clarion to beren tho
And lette a certayne wynde go
That blewe so hidously and hye
That it leste nat a skye
In all the welken long and brode
This Colus/ no where abode
Tyll he was come at fames fete
And eke the man that Tryton hete
And there he stode/as stoyl as stone
And here withall there came anone
An other huge company
Of olde folke/ and gan to ctye
Lady/ graunt vs nowe good fame

And lette our workes haue that name
Nowe in honour and gentynesse
And also god your soule blesse
For we han well deserued it
Therefore is right/ that we be quyt
As thrie I quod she/ye shall fayle
Good workes shall you nat ayeyle
To haue of me/ good fame as nowe
But wote ye what: I graunt yow
That ye shall haue a shrewde name
And wicked loos/ and worse fame
Though ye good loos/ haue well deserued
Nowe gothe your waye/ for ye ben servyd
And thou dan Colus/ quod she
Take woxhe thy trumpe anone lette se
That is ycleped Sclaundre lyght
And blowe her loos/ that every wyght
Speke of hem harne and shrewdnesse
In stede of good/and woxhynesse
For thou shalte trumpe all the contray
That they haue done/ well and fayre
Alas thought I/ what auentures
Haue these sorie creatures
That they/ among all the prees
Shulde thus be shamed gyldesse
But what: it must nedes be
What dyde this Colus/but he
Toke out his Blache trumpe of bras
That fouler than the deuyll was
And gan this trumpe for to blowe
As all the wold shulde ouerthowe
Through out euery regyon
Went his soule trumpes sowne
As swyft as a pellet out of a gonne
Whan hys is in to it romme
And such a smoke gan out wende
Out of the soule trumpes ende
Blache/blo/greysshe/ swartyshe rede
As dorhe/ whan men melte lede
Lo/all on hys from the well
And there to/ one thyng sawe I well
That the farther that it ran
The greater woxen it began
As doche the ryuer from a well
And it stanke/as the pytte of hell
Alas/ thus was her shame yonge
And gyldesse/ on every tonge

Tho

The boke of fame.

• Tho came the thidde company
And came vp to the deys on hys
And downe on knees they fell anone
And sayden they her everychone
Folke that han full trewly
Deserued fame rightfull
And prayde it myght be knowe
Right as it is and for the blowe
I graunt quod she for nowe me lyf
That your good workes shalbe wylle
And yet ye shall haue better loos
Right in disperte of all your foos
Than wothy is and that anone
Lette nowe quod she thy trumpe gone
Thou Eolus that is so blake
And out thyne other trumpe take
That bight Laude and blowe it so
That through the worlde her fame go
All easly and nat to fast
That it be knownen at the last
full gladly lady myne he sayd
And out his trumpe of golde he brayde
Anone and sett it to his mouthe
And blew it Est west and southe
And Northe as loude as any thonder
That euerynghath of it wonder
So brode it ran or that it stent
And certes all the brethe that went
Out of his trumpe it smelld
As men a pytte full of baume beled
Among a baske full of roses
This fauour dyde he to her loses
And right with this I gan espy
There came the fourthe company
But certayne they were wonder felwe
And gonne to stande on a rawe
And sayden certesse lady bright
We haue done well with all our myght
But we ne kepe to haue fame
Byde our workes and our name
For goddes loue for certesse we
Hane surely done it for bounte
And for no maner other thyng
I graunt you all your as kyng
Quod she let all your workes be deed
With that about I turned my heed
And satwe anone the fyfth route

That to this lady gan loue
And downe anone on knees fall
And her tho besoughten all
To hyde her good workes eke
And sayd they gyue nat a leke
For fame ne siche renoun
For they for contemplacioun
And goddes loue had it wrought
Me of fame wolde they noughe
What quod she be ye woode
And wene ye to do good
And for to haue of that no fame
Haue ye disperte to haue a name
May ye shall everychone
Blowe thy trumpe and that anone
Quod she thou Eolus I hote
And ryng these folkes workes by note
That all the worlde may of it here
And he gan blowe her loos so clere
In his golden claroun
That thought the worlde went the down
And so kyndly and eke so softe
That their fame was blowe a losse
Tho came the fyfth company
And gan fast to fame crye
Right verily in this maners
They sayden mercy lady dere
To tell certayne as it is
We haue done neþer that ne this
But ydell all our lyfe hath be
But natholes we pray the
That we may haue so good a fame
And great renome and knownen name
As they that haue do noble ieses
And eschewed all her hestes
As well of loue as other thyng
All was vs neuer broche ne tyng
Me ells what two women sent
Me ones in her hert yment
To make vs frendly chere
But mought temen vs upon bere
yet lette vs to the people semme
Siche as the worlde may of vs deme
That women loued vs for wode
That shall do vs as moche good
And to our hert as moche ayeyle
To counterpeyle ease and traueyle

The boke of Fame.

As we had won with laboure
For that is dere bought treasour
At regarde / of our great easse
And yet ye must vs more please
Lette vs beholde/ eke therro
Worthy/ wyle/ and good also
And riche/ and happy vnto loue
For goddes loue/ that syteth aboue
Thoughe we may nat the body haue
Of women/ yet so god me saue
Lette men blowe of vs the name
Suffyseth vs/ that we haue the same
I graunt quod she/ be my trouthe
Nowe Eolus/ withouten slouthe
Take out thy rumppe of golde/ quod she
And blowe/ as they haue asked me
That every man wene hem at ease
Though they go in badde lease
This Eolus/ gan it so blowe
That through the worlde it was knowe
Tho came the seuenth route anone
And fyll on knees everychone
And said lady/ graunt vs soone
The same thyng/ the same honne
That to these nexte folke hast done
Fye on you quod she/ everychone
ye masty f wyne/ ye ydell wretches
Full of rotyn and slowe retches
What false theues/ where ye wold
Ben famed good / and nothyng nolde
Deserue why/ ne never thought
Men rather you/ to hangen ought
For ye be lyke the sleepy catte
That wold haue fyscher but wost þ what?
He wyll nothyng wete his clawes
yuell thriste come on your lawes
And on myne/ if I it graunt
Or do fauour/ you to auaunt
Thou Eolus/ thou kyng of Grace
Go blowe this folke a sorie grace
Quod she anone/ and wost thou howe
As I shall tell the ryght nowe
Say these ben they/ that wolden honour
Haue/ and do no kyngs labour
And do no good / and yet hem laude
That men wende / that bele I saude
Ne coude hem nat of loue werne

And yet she that grynt at quernes
Is all to good to eas her herte
This Eolus anone by sterte
And with his blacke clarion
Began to blasen out a soun
Is loude/ as belleth wynde in hell
And eke the twyl sothe to tell
This sowne was full of tapes
As euer mowes were in apes
And that wente the wold about
That every wight/ gan on hem shoute
And for to laugh/ as they were wode
Suche game founde they in her mode
Tho came therre another compayn
That had ydone the trecherie
The harme/ and great wickednesse
That every herte coude gesse
And prayed hem to haue good faine
And that she nolde do hem no shame
But gyue hem loos/ and good renoun
And do it blowe in claryoun
May wys quod she/ it were a byce
All be there in me no justyce
We lyft nat to do it nowe
Ne I nyll graunt it powe
Tho came therre creyng in a roupe
And gan clappe all about
Euyer man vpon the crowne
That all the hall gan sowne
And sayd: lady lefe and dere
We ben suche folkes/ as ye may here
To tell all the tale a right
We ben shrewes every wyght
And haue delyre in wickednesse
As good folke haue in goodnesse
And ioye to be knownen shrewes
And full of byce and wycched thewes
Wherfore we praye you on a rove
That our fame be suche yknowe
In all thyng/ suche as it is
I graunt it you quod she ywys
But what arte thou/ that sayest this tale
That werest on thy hose a pale
And on thy typpet suche a bell
Madame quod he/ sothe to tell
I am that lyke shrewe ywys
That brynt the temple of Mydis

The boke of fame.

In Athenes in that cyte
And whersee bydest thou so quod she
By my trouthe quod he madame
I wolde sayns haue had a fame
As other folke haue in the towne
Although they were of great renowme
For her vertus and her thewes
Thought I as great fame haue shewes
Though it be so shewes
As good folke haue for goodness
And sythen I may nat haue that one
That other ayll I nat songone
As for to gese a fame here
The temple sette I on syre
Nowe lette out lovs be vistis of Wythe
As wisely be thou euer blythe
Gladly quod she thou Colus
Herest thou nat what they wepen he
Madame yes full well quod he
And I wyll trumpet it ponde
And roke his blake trumpet full
And gan to puffen and to blast
Cyll it was at the wylles end
With that I gan abownde
For one that stode at my bache
He thought full glosly to me spake
And said frende what is thy name
Arte thou came hyder to haue fame
Say for sothe frende quod I
I come nat hyder gramecy
For no such cause by my head
Suffyseth me as I were dead
That no wight haue my name in honde
I wotte my selfe best howe I stonde
For what I drye or what I thynde
I wyll my selfe all it drinke
Certayne for the moste parte
As farforthe as I can myne arte
What doest thou here then quod her
Quod I that wyll I tolle the
The cause why I stonde here
Some newe tdynges for to here
Some newe thyng I nat what
Tidynges eyther this or that
Of loue or suche thynges glade
For certainly he that me made
To come hyder said to me

I shulde bothe here and se
In this place wonder thynges
But these be no suche tdynges
As I ment no quod he
And I ans werde no parde
For well I wotte euer yet
Siche that synt I had wyt
That some folke han defylid fame
Diversly and loys and name
But certainly I wyt never howe
Where that fame dwelleth or howe
He eke of her description
He also of her condpcion
He the order of her dome
Snewe I nat cyll I hyder come
Why than be to these tdynges
That thou nome hyder bringes
That thou haft herde quod he to me
But nowe no face for well I se
What thou besyhest for to here
Come forthe and stonde no lenger here
And I wyl the withouten mede
In to such another place lede
There thou shalbe here many one
Tho gan I forthe with hym gone
Out of the wylle oute to say
Tho sawe I stonde in a baley
Under a castell fast by
In house lyke to **Domus Debaly**
That **Labopinus** ycleped is
Has made so wonderly poynt
He halfe so quicly ydwrought
And euer mo as I woyse as thought
This queynt house about went
That never mo stylle it shent
And there come out so greate a nysse
That if I had stonde upon **Mylde**
I myght it haue herde easly
To **Rome** I tolle sikerly
And the nysse whiche I had herde
For all the wylde righte so it serde
Is bothe the coutryng of the stome
That fro thengyn is letyn gone
And all this house of whiche I rede
Was made of twynges falowe rede
And grene rede and some were whyte
Suche as men to these gates shwopte

The boke of Fame.

Or maken of these pampers
Or els hattes or dollers
But for the swough/ and for the traygges
This house was also full of grygges
And eke also full of chyckynge
And of many other workynges
And eke this house hath of enteres
As many/ as leues ben on trees
In somer/ whan they ben grene
And on the rose/ men may sene
A thousande holes/ and many mo
To letten the sowne out go
And by day in every tyde
Ben all the dozes open wyde
And by nyght/ eche one bishette
Ne parte is there none to lette
No maner tidynges out to pace
Ne never rest is in that place
That it nys fulled full of tidynges
Eyther loude/ or in whisperynges
And ouer all the house in angles
Is full of townyng/ and of tangles
Of restes/ of labour/ and of byages
Of warres/ of peace/ and of mariages
Of abode/ of deth/ and of lyfe
Of loue/ of hate/ accorde/ or stryfe
Of losse/ of loze/ and of wynnynghes
Of hele/ of sickenesse/ or of lesynghes
Of sayre wether/ and eke of tempestes
Of qualme/ of foules/ and of beetles
Of dyuers transmutacions
Of estates/ and eke of regyons
Of trust/ of drede/ of talously
Of wytte/ of wynnyngh/ of folly
Of plentie/ and of great famyne
Of chepe/ of derthe/ and of tuyne
Of good/ and of mysgouvernment
Of fyre/ and of dyuers accydent
And to/ this house of whiche I write
Siker be ye/ it nas nat lyte
For it was sixtie myle of length
All was the tymbre of no strength
yet it was founded to endure
Whyle that it lyst to aduenture
That is the mother of tidynges
As the see/ of welles and springes
And it was shapen lyke a cage

Certeis quod I/ in all myne age
Ne sawe I such an house/ as this
And as I wondred me/ ywys
Upon the house that was full hys
I sawe/ howe myne Egle fast by
Was perched hys upon a stonyng
And I gan streight to hym gone
And sayd thus/ I praye the
That thou a whyle abyde me
For goddes loue / and let me sene
What wonders in that place bene
For yet parauenture/ I may lese
Some good therin/ or somwhat here
That lese me were/ or that I went
Peter: that is nowe myne entene
Quod he/ and here therfore I dwelle
But certayne/ one thyng I the tell
That but if I bring the therin
Ne shall thou never conne the gyn
To come in to it/ out of dout
So fast it whyzleth/ lo about
But siche that I oues of his grace
As I haue sayd/ myll the solace
Finally/ with these thynges
Uncouth syght/ and tidynges
To passe with thyne heynnesse
Siche routhe hath he/ of thy distresse
That thou suffredest debonairly
And wost thy selfe bittely
Desperate/ of all maner blysse
Siche that fortune hath made a myll
The swote of all thyne hertes rest
Langyssheth/ and eke in poynt to brest
But he myll/ throngh his myghtie myrte
Do the an ease/ allbeit lyte
And gaue in expresse comandement
To whiche I am obedyent
To forther the/ with all my might
And wyse/ and teche the a right
Where thou mayst most tidynges here
Thou shalte here many/ one lese
With this worde/ he right anone
Hent me by bytwene his tone
And at a wyndowe/ in me brought
Whiche on this house was/ as me thought
And there withall/ me thought it shent
And nothyng it about went

And me

The boke of fame.

And me sette in the floore adowne
But whiche a great congregacioun
Of folke/ as I sawe come about
Some within and some without
Mas never sene/ ne shalbe este
That certesle/ in the worlde nys leste
So many formed by nature
Ne deed/ so many a creature
That well benneth in that place
Had I one fote breste of space
And every wight/ that I sawe there
Bowned everyche in others eare
A newe tidyng/ priuely
Or elis it tolde all openly
Right thus/ and sayd: nost nat thou
That is be tydde/ to right nowe
No quod he/ tell me what
And than he tolde hym/ this and that
And swore thereto/ that it was sothe
Thus hath he sayd/ and thus he dothe
And this shalbe/ and thus herde I saye
That shalbe founde/ that dare I saye
That all the folke that is on lyue
Ne haue the connyng to discryue
Tho thynges that I herde there
What a loude/ and what in eare
But all the wonder/most was this
Whan one had herde a thyng ywis
He came forthe unto another wyght
And gan hym tellen anone right
The same/ that was to hym tolde
Or it a furlonge way was colde
And gan somewhat for to eche
To this tidyng in his speche
Moze than euer it spoken was
And nat so soone departed nas
Tho fro hym/ that he ne mette
With the thirde/ and or he lette
Any stounde/ he tolde hym alse
Were the tidynges sothe or false
yet wolde he tell it nathelss
And euer mo/ with more encrees
Than it was erst/ thus northe & southe
Went every tidyng/ fro mouth to mouthe
And that redressyng euermo
As fyre is wont to quicken and go
From a sparcle sprongen amys

Cyll all a cytie brenyng by is
And whan that was full by spronge
And warren more on every tonge
Than euer it was/ and went anone
Up to a wyndowe out to gone
Or but it myght out there passe
It gan out crepe at some creuasse
And flewe forthe/ fast for the nones
And somtyme I sawe there atones
A leysing/ and a sothe sayd sawe
That gonnyn of auenture drawe
Out at a wyndowe for to pace
And whan they metten in that place
They were a checked bothe two
And neyther of hem myght out go
And with the noyse of hem two
I sodainly awoke anone tho
And remembred what I had sene
And howe hye and ferre I had bene
In my goode/ and had great wonder
Of that the god of thonder
Had let me knownen/ and began to write
Lyke/ as ye haue herde me endyte
Wherfore to study and rede alway
I purpose to do/ day by day
Thus in dremyng and in game
Endethe this lytell boke of fame.

¶ There is no more of this forsayd worke/ for as it may be wele vnderstande/ this noble man Hessey Chaucer synyllled it at the said conclusyon of the metyng of leysing and sotheaw: Where (as yet) they ben checked and may nat departe. Whiche worke as me semeth/ is craftely made/ and digne to be written & knownen: for he toucheth in it right great wisedome and subtell vnderstanding/ and so in all his workes he excelleth in myn opynyon/ all other writers in Englyssh/ for he writeth no vnyde wordes/ but all his mater is full of hye & quicke sentence/ to whom ought to be gyuen laude & praise/ for his noble makyng and writyng: And I hably be seche & pray you amog your prayers/ to remembre his soule/ on whiche/ & on all christen soules/ I beseche Jesu haue mercy. Amen. Also here foloweth another of his workes.

c.iii. The

Chapitre 2

Enfin le deuxième point qui
peut porter à une faute dans la traduction
est la nature de la traduction.
C'est à dire la manière dont on traduit.
Il existe plusieurs façons de traduire
une phrase. La première est de traduire
la phrase dans son état initial. C'est à dire
de traduire la phrase telle qu'elle est dans la
langue source. La deuxième est de traduire
la phrase dans son état final. C'est à dire
de traduire la phrase telle qu'elle sera dans la
langue cible. La troisième est de traduire
la phrase dans son état intermédiaire. C'est à dire
de traduire la phrase telle qu'elle sera dans la
langue cible mais avec des modifications
qui sont nécessaires pour qu'elle puisse être
comprise par les personnes qui la lisent.
Cela peut entraîner des erreurs dans la traduction.
Par exemple, si on traduit une phrase
dans son état initial, on peut faire une erreur
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The assemble of foules.



The lyfe so short/ þ craft so long to lerne
 Thassay so harde/ so sharpe the coqueryng
 The sydder ioye/ þ alway sydde so verne
 All this meane I by loue/ that my felyng
 Alstonyeth so/ with a briedefull working
 So sore iwyss/ that whan I on him thynke
 That wote I well/ wheder I wake or wynke

For albeit that I/ knowe nat loue in dede
 Ne wote/ howe he quyþeth folke her hyre
 yet happeneth me/ in bokes ofte to rede
 Of his myracles/ and of his cruell yre
 There rede I well/ he wyl be lorde & syre
 Dare I nat say/ his strokis ben so sore
 But god saue suche a lord/ I can no more

Of usage/ what for lust/ what for lore
 On bokes rede I ofte/ as I you rolde
 But why that I spoke all this nat yore
 I gone: it happed me for to beholde
 Upon a boke/ was write with letters olde
 And ther upon/ a certayne thyng to lerne
 The long day I red/ full fast and verne

For out of olde feldes/ as men sayþe
 Cometh all this newe corne fro yere to yere
 And out of olde bokes/ in good sayþe
 Cometh all this newe science/ that men lere
 But now to purpose/ of my hyȝt mater
 To rede forthe/ gan me so delyre
 That all the day/ thought me but a lyte.
 This

The assemble of foules.

This boke/ of whiche I make mencion
Entytuled was/all there I shall you tell
Tullius/ of the dreame of Scipion
Chapiters it had seuen/of heuyn and hell
And etthe/ and soules that therin dwelle
Of whiche/ as shoretly as I can treat
Of his sentence/ I wyll tell the great.

Erst telleth it/whan Scipion was coe
In to Africke/howe he mette Massymille
That hym for ioye/in armes hath ynome
Than telleth he her spech/ and all the blysse
That was bitwix hem/tyll þ day gan misse
And howe his auncestre/ Africcan so dere
Gan in his slepe/ that nyght to hym appere

Than tolde he hym/that fro a stery place
Hewe Africcan hath hi Cartage yshewde
And warned hym before/ of all his grace
And said to hym: what man lerned or leude
That loueth comen pfyte/well ythewde
He shall vnto a blys full place wende
There ioye is/ that lasteth without ende

Than as ked he/ if the folke þ here he dede
Haue lyfe/ and dwellyng in another place
And Africke said/ ye without drede
And our present woldes lyues space (ce
Meneth but a maner deth what way we tra
And rightfull folke shall go/ whan they dye
To heuyn/ and shewed hym the galaxye

Than shewed he him þ lytell etthe þ here is
At regarde of heuyns quantyte
And after shewed he hym the nyne speres
And after that/ the melody herde he
That cometh of thylke speres thise thre
That well is/ of musyke and melodye
In this wold/ and cause of armony

Than badde he hym se/ the etthe þ is so lyte
And was somdele full of herde grace
That he ne shulde hym in the wold delyte
Than tolde he hym/in certayne yeres space
That every starre shulde coe in to his place
There it was fyrt/ & all shall out of mynde
That i this wold was done of almynd

Than prayed he Scipion to tell hym all
The way/to come to heuyns blysse
And he sayd: Knowe thy selfe fyrt mortall
And loke ape busely/ thou woxe and wylle
To comen pfyte/ & thou shalce never mysse
To come swyftly/vnto that place dere
That full of blysse is/and soules clere

But brekers of the lawe/sothe for to sayne
And lecherous folke/ after that they be dede
Shall alway whyle about therthe in Payne
Tyll many a wold be passed out of drede
And than foryeuen hem all her wycked dede
Than shall they come vnto þ blys full place
To whiche to coe/god sende eche louer grace

The day gan fayle/and the derke nyght
That reueth beestes/from her busynesse
Bereft me my boke/for lacke of lyght
And to my bedde/ I gan me for to dresse
Fulfullid with thought/ & busy heuynesse
For bothe I had thyng whiche that I nolde
And eke I ne had/ thyng that I wolde

But finally/my spynce at the last
For wery of my labour all the day
Toke rest/ that made me to slepe fast
And in my slepe/ I mette as I lay
Hewe Africcan/ right in that selfe aray
That Scipion hym sawe/ before that tyde
Was comen/ & stode right at his beddys syde

The wery hunter/slepyng in his bedde
To wodde agayne/ his mynde gothe anone
The iuge dremeth/how his plees be spedde
The carter dremeth/howe his cartes gone
The riche of golde/þ knyght fighth w his son
The sickle meteth/he drinkeþ of the ton
The louer meteth/he hath his lady won

I can nat saye/ if that the cause were
For I red had/of Africcan before me
That me to mete/that he stode there
But thus said he: þ hast the so well borne
In lokynge of myne olde boke all to to me
Of whiche/ Macrobie taught nat a lyte
That soode of thy labour/wolde I þ quyte
Aytherea

The assemble of foules.

Cytherea/ thou blys full lady swete (lest
That with thy firy bronde/ dauest whoe the
And madest me/ this swauen for to mete
Be thou my helpe in this/ for þ mayst best
As wifely/ as I sawe the northe northe well
Whan I began/ my swauen for to write
So gyue me myght/ to ryme and to endite

This foysaid Africane/ me hent anone
And forthe w hym/ unto a gate me brought
Right of a parke/ walled with grene ston
And ouer þ gate/ w letters large þ wrought
There were veres written/ as me thought
On eyther halfe/ of full great difference
Of which I shall you say/ þ playne sentence

Through me men go/ in to þ blys full place
Of hertes heale/ and deedly woundes cure
Through me men go/ unto the well of grace
There grene & lussy gray shall euer endure
This is the way/ to all good aventure
Be gladde thou redre/ & thy sorowe of cast
All open am I/ passe in and hys the fast

Through me me go/ than spake þ other syde
Unto the mortall stroke of the spere
Of whiche þ dayne and danger/ is þ gyde
Their tree shall never feute ne leaues bese
This streme you ledeth/ to þ soroufull were
There as the fylshe in prison is all drie
The eschewyng/ is the remedy

These bses of golde & asure/ ywritten were
Of whiche I gan/ astynped to beholde
So/ with that one/ encrasched aye my feare
And with that other/ gan my hert to holde
That one me herte/ that other dyd me colde
No wyte had I/ for errour for to chese
To entre or leue/ or me to saue or lese

Right as hitwre adamantes two
Of eyn wryght/ a peyce of yron set
That hath no myght to meue to ne fro
So/ what one may hale/ that other doth let
So fared I/ that I myst where me was bet
To entre or leue tyll Africane my gyde
Me hent and shoue/ in at the gates wryde

And sayd/ it standeth written in thy face
Thyne errour/ though thou tell it not me
But dñe the nar/ to come in to this place
For this wryting/ is nothyng ment by the
He be none/ but he loues scruant be
For thou of loue/ hast lost thy cast. Agelle
As siche man hath of swete & bytternesse

But natheles/ although thou be dull
That thou canst nat do/ yet mayst thou se
For many a man/ þ may nat stande a pull
þt lybeth hym/ at the wryesty for to be
And demeth þt/ wheder he do bet or be
And if thou haddest comyng/ for tendyng
I shall the swete/ mater of to write

And with that my hede in his he toke anone
Of whiche I confort caught/ & went in fast
But lord so/ I was gladde/ and well begon
For ouer all/ where I myne eyen call
Were trees cladde w leaues/ þ aye shall last
Eche in his hynde/ w colour fresshe & grene
As emeraunde/ that roye was to see

The bylder oke/ and eke the hardy ashe
The pyller elme/ the cosser/ unto careyne
The boxe pype tre/ holme to whypes lasshe
The sayling spire/ þ cypres derthe to playne
The shoter ewe/ the aspe for shastes playne
The olyue of peace/ & eke the dronken byne
The victor palme/ the laurer to diuine

A gardenu swete I/ full of blossomed bohws
Upon a ryuer/ in a grene mede
There as swetnesse/ euermore ymough is
With floures w herte/ blewe/ yelowe/ & reds
And colde well stremes/ nothyng dede
And swimpng full/ of small fylches lyght
With synnes redes and scales syluer bright

On euery bough/ the byrdes herde I syng
With voice of angell/ in their armony
That busped the/ their byrdes forth to brig
The lytle pary conys/ to their play gan by
And further about/ I gan espy
The medefull bo/ þ bucke/ the hert/ & hynde
Squyrell and beastes small of getyll bynde
On

The assemble of foules.

On instrumentes of drynges in a corde
Herde I so play/ and cautlyhyng fitemelle
That god/that maker is of all/ and lorde
As herde never better/ as I gesse
Ther with a wynd/ benneth it might be lesse
Made in the leues grene/ a noyse softe
Accordant to the foules songe on lorde

The ayre of þ place/ so attayped was (coldes
That never was grevener there/ of hote ne
There groweth cuery holosome spice & gras
No man may there/ ware siche ne olde
yet was there more toye a thousande folde
Than I can tell/ o/ euer coude o/ myght
There is euer clere day/ and never myght

Under a tree/ besyde a well I say
Cupide our lorde/ his arowes furge & fys
And at his fere/ his bove all redy lay
And his daughter tempyred all the whyle
The heedes in the well/ with herte fys
She couched the astre/ as they shulde serue
Home to flee/ & come to woside and carue

The was I ware of plefaunce amone eight
And of array/lust/beaute/ and curtesy
And of þ cracie/ that can and hath the myght
To go before a myght to do folys
So iugured was she/ I wyl nat lye
And by hym selfe/ vnder an oke I gesse
Sawe I Welte/ that stode with getynelle

Then sawe I Beaute/ with a nyce atyre
And youthe/ full of game and folys
Folehardyness/ flattery and Welte
Masagery/ Mede/ and other thys
Thei names shall nat be tolde for me
And upon pyllers great/ of Jasper long
I sawe a temple of bras/ founded strong

And about the temple daunced alway
Women þrowe/ of whiche some were
Fayre of the selfe/ & some of them were gay
In knyts all disheued went they there
That was their office euer/ to þere to þere
And on the temple sawe I whys and fayre
Of dounes sitting/ many a thousande þayre

And before the temple doze full soberly
Dame Peace satte/ a curteyne in her honde
And her besyde/ wonder discretly
Dame Patience/ sytting there I honde
With face pale/ vpon an hyll of sonde
And alther nexte/ within and without
Behest and arte/ and of their folke a rout

Within the temple/ of sighes hote as fyre
I herde a swough/ that gan about ten
Whiche sighes were engendred with desyre
That made every outer for to bren
Of newe flauore/ and I espyed than
That all the cause of sorowes that they dy
Come of the bytter goddes Ialousy

The god Pyrapus/ sawe I as I wene
Within þ temple/ in souerayne place stonde
In suche array/ as whan þ assy hym shent
With crye be night/ & with cepte in honde
full busely/ men gan assay and sonde
Upon his heed/ to sette of sondrie heue
Garlondes/ full of freshe floures newe

And in a preuy corner/ in disperte
Founde I Venus/ and her poxet richesse
That was full noble & hauit of her poxe
Werke was that place/ and after lyghenes
I sawe a lyre/ brenches it myght be lesse
And on a bedde of golde/ she laye to rest
Cyll that the hote sonne/ gan to well

Her gyld heires/ with a golde threde
þbounde were/ brested as she lay
And naked/ from the brest vnto the heve
Open myght her se/ and sochely for to say
The remynaunt/ couerted well to my pay
Right with a subtell berchete of balence
There was no shcker clothe/ of defens

The place gafe a thousande saudiers stote
And Bacchus god of wyne/ satte her besyde
And Ceres nexte/ that dothe of hunger hote
And/ as I sayd/ a myddes lay Cupyde
To whom on knees/ the yong folkes craye
To be their helpe/ but thus I lette her lye
And farther in the temple/ I gan espye
That

The assemblie of foules

That in disperte of Dryana the chaste
full many a bowe ydroke/ henge on y wall
Of maydens such as gan her tymes wast
In her seruice/ and paynted ouer all
Of many a stoue/ of whiche I touche shall
A fewe as of Calypse and Athalant
And many a mayd/ of which y name I wot

Chimamis/ Clandace/ and Hercules
Bubly/ Dydo/ Tysbe/ and Pyramus
Tristam/ Loude/ Paris/ Achilles
Heleyn/ Cleopatre/ and Troylus
Sylla/ and eke the mother of Romulus
All these were paynted on that other syde
And all their loue/ in what pite they dide

Whan I was come apon/ in to that place
That I of spake/ y was so swete & grene
For he walked I tho/ my selfe to solace
Tho was I ware/ wher there late a quene
That as of lyght/ the somer sonne shene
Passeth the berries/ right so ouer measure
She sayzer was/ than any creature

And in a latunde/ upon an hyll of floures
Was sette this noble goddes of Nature
Of brancheis were her halles & her boures
ywrought/ after her crasfe and by measure
Ne there has foule/ y cometh of engedure
But there was prest/ in her presence
To take her domme/ and gyue her audience

For this was on saynt Valentynes day
Whan every foul/ cometh to chese her make
Of every kynde/ that men thynke may
And that so huge a noyse gan they make
That erthe/ see/ and tree/ and euery lake
So full was/ that vnneth there was sparc
For me to stande/ so full was all the place

And right as Mayne/ in the plent of kynde
Deuyseth nature/ of suche array and face
In suche array/ men might her there fynde
This noble empresse full of grace
Wadde every foule/ to take her owne place
As they were wont/ alway fro yere to yere
On saynt Valentynes day/ to stande there

That is to say/ the foules of rauyne
Were hyghest set/ and than the foules smale
That eaten/ as that nature wolde enclyne
As wome/ or thing of whiche I tel no tale
But water foule/ satte lowest in the dale
And foules ylyuerh be sede/ sat on y grene
And that so many/ that wonder was to sene

There might men/ the roiall Egles fynde
That with his sharpe loke/ perseth the son
And other Egles/ of a lower kynde
Of whiche that clerkes/ well deuysen com
There was the tyrant w/ his fethers don
And grene/ I mene y goshauek y dothe pay
To byrd/ for his outragious rauyne (ne

The geryll faucon/ y w/ his fete distreyneh
The kynges hande/ and the sperhauke eke
The quayles soe/ the metlyon that peyneth
Hym selfe full ofte/ the lacke for to seke
There was the douwe/ with her eyen meke
The ielous swan/ y ayenst his deche ligeth
The oule eke/ that of deche the hode brigeth

The crane/ the geant/ w/ his trupes sowne
The these the chough/ & the chattering ppe
The scrynyng Jaye/ the Egles soe heroun
The false lapwing/ full of trecherie
The stare/ that the counsayle can betrie
The tame Riddocke/ and the cowarde kyte
The Cocke/ that horzlage is/ of thopkes lyte

The sparowe Venus son/ & the nightyngale
That clepeth forth/ the fresshe floures newe
The swalowe/ murdret of the flyes smale
That maken honys of floures fresh of hewe
The wedded turiell/ with his hert trewe
The peacocke/ with his angell fethers bright
The fesaunt/scorner of the cocke by nyght

The waker goos/ y tuckowe ever vnykynde
The poppyngay/ full of delycasy
The drake/ scorner of his owne kynde
The storke/ worker of auowtry
The hote corneraunt/ full of glotony
The rauyn & the crowe/ w/ her voice of care
The throstell olde/ and the frosty feldefare
What

The assemble of foules.

What shulde I say of foulz of every kynde
That i this worlde haue fetchers & stature
Men myght in that place/ assembled synde
Before that noble goddes of nature
And eche of them/ dyde his busyn cure
Benignely to chese / or for to take
By his accord/ his formell or his make

But to the poynt/ nature helde on her hāde
A formell Egles/ of shappe the gentyllest
That euer she among her workes sonde
The most benigne/ and ehe the goodlyest
In her was every vertue/ at his rest
So farforth/ that nature herselfe had blisse
To loke on her / and ofte her becke to blysse

Nature/ the bycar of the almighty lord
That hote/ colde/ derke/ lyght/ moris/ & drep
Hath knypte/ by eyn nombre of accorde
In easie voice/ began to speke and say
Foules take heede/ of my sentence I pray
For your owne easie/ in fording of your nedē
As fast as I may speke/ I wyl me spedē

ye knowe well/ home on sait Valētynes day
By my statute/ & though my gouernance
ye do chese your makes/ & after syre away
With them / as I priche you with plesaunce
But natholes/ as by rightfull ordynance
May I nat let/ for all this worlde to wyr
But he that most worthy is/ shall begyn

The tercell Egles/ as ye knowe full wels
The foule royall/ aboue you all in degré
The wyse & worthy/ the secrete true as stelle
The whiche I haue formed/ as ye may se
In every parte/ as it best lyketh me
It nedeth nat/ his shappe you to deuyse
He shall syrst speke/ and chese in his gyse

And after hym/ by order shall ye chese
After your kynde/eueriche as you lyketh
And as your happe is/ shall ye wyr or lese
But whiche of you / þ loue most entriketh
God sende hym her/ þ sorest for hym syþer
And there withall/ the Tercell gan she call
And said my sonne/the choise is to the fall

But natholes/ on this condycion
Must be the chose/ of eueriche that is her
That she agre/ to this election
Who so it be/ that shulde be his fere
This is our usage alway fro yere to yere
And who so at this tyme/ haue his grace
In blys full tyme/ he came in to this place

With heed enclyned/ & with full hūble cheye
This roall Tercell spake/ & taried nouȝt
Unto my souerayne lady/ and nat my fere
I chese & chesse/ with wyl/ hert/ & thought
The formell on your hāde so well p̄wroȝt
Whose I am all/ and euer wyl her serue
Do what her lust/ to do me lyve or sterue

Resechyng her of mercy/ and of grace
Is she that is / my lady souerayne
Or lette me dye/ here present in this place
For certes/ long may I nat lyue in payne
For in my hert/ is couen every hayne
Haþyng regarde onely to my trouthe
My deere hert/ haue on my wo some trouthe

And if I befounde to her bntrewe
Disobeytaunce/ or wylfull negligent
A bauntour/ or in processe loue a newe
I pray to you/ this be my iugement
That with these foules/ I be all to rent
That pike day / that she me ever fynde
To her bntrewe/ or in my gyte bnynde

And sythe that none louerh her/ so well as I
Although she never/ of loue me behet
Than ought she be myne/ through her mercy
For oþer bonde/ can I none on her knet
For wele nor woe/ never shall I lete
To serue her/ howe farre so that she wende
Say what you lyft/ my tale is at an ende

Right/ as the fr̄s she reed Rose newe
Agaynst the soner sonne/ coloured is
Right so for shame/ all waren gan the heþe
Of this formell/ whan she herde all this
Neyther she ans wered well/ ne said amys
So sore abashed was she/ tyll that Nature
Haid doughter/ dreed ye nat/ I you assur
Another

The assemble of foules.

Another taretell Egles spake alone
Sf lowet synde & said: that shulde nat be
I loue her better than ye do by saynt Ione
Or at lees / I loue her as well as ye
And lenger haue serued her in my degré
And if she shulde haue loues / for long louing
To me alone / had be the gret donyng

I dare eke say / if she me synde false
Unkynde iangler / or rebell in any wyse
Or felonys / do me hange by the halse
And but I deate me in her servyce
As well / as my wyte can me suffyce
Fro poynt to poynt / her bondis for to saue
Take she my lyfe / and all the good I haue

The thirde taretell Egles and weared the
Howe lics / ye se the spelle leyfet her
For every soule er eth out to be ago
For the with his miche / or with his lady bere
And eke her selfe / ne wylt noughthe her
So / ratyng her / mar haue that I wold haue
And but I speke / I mull for to powere her

Of longe servyce / assaunt I me not hym
But as poysible is / me to dye to day
Fro / wof as he that haile be languyng
This twentie wynter / & well happen my
A man may serue beter / and micle to pay
In halfe a yere / although it were no more
Than to e man dorthe / þ haile fuled full yore

I ne say nat this by me / for I ne can
Do no servyce / that may my lady please
But I dare say / I am her trewest man
As to my domes / & fauorst woldes her please
At shorte wordes / till that deeth me cease
I wyl be her's / wheresoever I wake or wynke
And crewe / in all that heut may be thyng

Of all my lyfe / eke that day I was borne
So gentyl plece / in loue o; other thyng
She herde never no man / me before me
Who that had leyfet and connyng
For to rebete their chere / & their spekyng
And from the morrowe gan this speche fall
Cyll downwarde went / the son wondret fall

The noysse of foules / for to be deluyered
So loude range / haue done / let us wende
That well wende / þ wood all to shittered
Come of they couer / alas / ye wyl be shende
Wha shall pour cause / piccled haue an ende
Howe shulde I judge / ethre partie leue /
For ye o; hay / withhold any ppeue

The goos / the ducke / and the cuckowe alio
So creped heke heke cuckowe quiche the hys
That though myn eare / the noise went tho
The goos said / all this myn wonha ype
But I can shape herof a remedie
And wyl say my verdyte / fasse it / swythe
For waret soule / who so be sadde o; blythe

And I for wormesoule / said þ sole cuckowe
For I wyl of myne owne autho're
For comel spece / take on me þ charge nowe
For to deluyer þs / þs great charyte
þe may abode a whyle / per parde
Lemod the witter / it be pour wyl (þyill
A wight may speke / þyn wote as good as

I am a fide foule / on the wylwypes
That wyl / I wyl / and wyl of connyng
But better is / that a wightes wyl wyl
Than entremete hym of Cucko doyng
Of whiche he ne / for eke can noþ syng
And who so it wyl / the fide soule hiselue a cloys
For ofte uncomyng / wile anoperly (ewy)

Nature / whiche that alway had an eare
To masure of the leudnesse behynde
W satide boyes said / holde your tongis there
And I shall soone / I hope a coulasse synde
þou for to deluyer / & fro this noise wylwypes
I judge / of every folke men shall one call
To day the deuots / of you foules all

Assented wese / to this conclusyon
The bydes all / and foules of rauyne
Haue chosen þynt / by playne election
The treacleste of the faucon to dyffyne
All her sentence / and as hym lust to termyne
And to Nature / hym they dyde present
And she acceptely hym with gladdent entent

d The

The assemble of foules.

The tarsellet said than/ in this manere
full hadde ic were/ to preue ic by reason
who louerh best/ this gentyll formell here
For eueriche hath suchē replycacion
That by skylles/ may non be b̄ought adoun
I can nat se/ that argumentes aueyle
Than semerh ic/ there must be bateyle

Alredy quod these Egles tarselles tho
May sirs quod he/ if that I durst ic say
ye do me wronge/ my tale is nat ydo
For sirs/ taketh nat a grefe I pray
It may nat be as ye wolde/ in this way
Durs is þ boycē/ þ haue the charge in hāde
And to the iuges dome/ ye must stande

And therfore I say/ as to my wyt
We wolde thynke/ howe that the worthyest
Of knighthode/ and lengest had bled it
Most of estate/ of blode the gentylleſſe
Were sytting to her/ if that her leſſe
And of these thre/ she wote her ſelſe I trowe
Whiche that he be/ for it is lyght to knowe

The water foules/ haue their heedeg layde
To guyder/ and of ſhorte aypſemene
Whan eueriche had his herdyte layd
They ſaid ſorhely/ all by one aſſent
Howe that the goos/ with her ſaconde gent
That ſo deſyret/ to pronounce our nede
Shall tell our tale/ & prayed god her ſpede

And for these water foules tho began
The goſe to ſpeke/ and in her cakelyng
Said peace nowe/ take kepe every man
And herken/ whiche a reaſon I ſhall b̄ing
My wytte is ſhorte/ I loue no racyeng
I ſay/ I reed hym/ tho he were my brother
But ſhe wyl loue him/ let hym loue another

To here a parkyte reaſon of a goſe
Quod the Sparhauke/ neuer more ſhe the
Lo/ ſuche a thyng it is to haue a tonge loſe
Nowe parde ſole/ it were better for the
Haue holde thy peace/ than ſhewde thy nice
It lyerh nat in his wyt/ nor in his wyl (te
But ſorhē is ſaid/ a ſolec an nat be ſyll

The laughter arose/ of gentyll foules all
And right anone/ the ſcde foules chosen had
The turtell true/ and dyde her to them call
And prayed her to ſaye/ the ſorhē ſadde
Of this mater/ and al ked what ſhe radde
And ſhe anſwerde/ that plainly her entent
She wolde ſhewe/ & ſorhely what ſhe mene

May/ god forbede a louer ſhulde chaunge
The turtell ſaid/ & weſte for ſhame all reed
Though þ his lady/ euer more be ſtrāuge
yet let hym ſerue her alway/ tyll he be dead
Hoſorhe/ I prayſe nougħt the goſes reed
For tho ſhe dyed/ I wolde no other make
I wyl be hers/ tyll that the deihe me take

Well yþour ded quod the ducke/ by my hat
That men ſhulde loue alway cauſelesſe
Who can a reaſon fynde or wyt in that
Daunceſt he mery/ that is myrthleſſe
Who ſhulde recke/ of that is recheleſſe
ye queke quod the ducke/ full well & fayre
There be mo ſterres in the ſkye than apere

Nowe ſye churie/ quod the gentyll tercelet
Out of the donghyll/ came þ wode arigh
Thou caſt nat ſe/ which thyng is well beset
Thou fareſt by loue/ as oules do by lyght
The day the blideth/ ful wel they ſe by niȝt
þy kynde is of ſo loue a wretchedneſſe
That what loue is/ þ canſt nat ſe nor geſſe

Tho gan the cuckowe/ put hi ſelſe in p̄ace
For foule that eteth worme/ & ſaid as blyue
So I quod he/ may haue my make in peace
I recke nat howe long that ye ſtryue
Let eche of them be ſo eyne all their lyue
This is my rede/ ſiche they may nat accorde
This ſhorte leſſon/ it nedeth nat to reſorde

ye haue þ gloton ſylled ynough hi paſche
Than are we well/ ſaid the meſlyon
Thou murderer of haſſoge on the braſche
That brought the forthe/ thou riſfull gloton
Lyue thou ſoleyne/ wormes corruption
For no ſorce is/ for lacke of thy nature
Go leude be thou/ whyle thy lyfe may dure
Nowe

The assemble of foules.

Nowe pease y^e Nature / I comande here
For I haue herde/ all your opynyon
And in effecte/ yet be we never the nere
But finally/ this is my conclusyon
That she her selfe/ shall haue her election
Of wh^o her lust/ who so be wroche or blythe
Him y^e she cheseth/he shall she haue swithe

For sithe it may nat here/ discussed be
Who loueth her best/ as sayd the Tercelet
Than wyll I do this fauour to her/ that she
Shall haue hym/ on whom her hert is set
And he her/ that his hert hath on her knet
This tuge I Nature/ for I may nat lye
To none estate/ I haue none other eye

But as for counsayle/to chese a make
yf I were Reason/ than wolde I
Counsayle you/the roiall Tarcell take
As said the Tarcelet/ full kylfully
As for the gentyllest/ & most worthy (safice
Whiche I haue wrought/ so well to my ples
That it ought to be/ to you a suffisaunce

With fearefull voice y^e formell her ans werde
My rightfull lady/ goddes of Nature
Sothe is y^e I/ am euer vnder your yerde
As is/ euery other creature (re
And must be yours/ whyle my lyfe may du
And therfore graunt me my syrl boone
And myne entent/ I shall you say right sone

I graunt it you quod she/ & right anone
This formell Egle spake/ in this degré
Almighty quene/ vnto this yere bedone
I aske respyre/ for to aduyle me
And after that/ to haue my choise all free
This is all & some/ that I wolde speke & say
ye gete no more/ although ye do me dey

I wyll nat serue Venus/ ne Cupyde
For sothe as yet/ by no maner of way
Nowe sithe it may/ none other way betyde
Quod Nature/ here is no more to say
Than wolde I/ these foules were awa
Eche with his wake/ for taryeng leger here
And sayd them thus/ as ye shall after here

To you speke I/ ye Tarcelets of Nature
Be of good hert/ and serue ye all thre
A yere/ is nat so longe to endure
And eche of you/ payne hym in his degré
For to do well/ for god wote/ quyte is it e
From you this yere/ what after so besall
This entremesse/ is dressed fro you all

And whan all this was brought to an ende
To every foule/ Nature gaue his make
By eyn accord/ & on their way they wede
A lord/ the blysse and ioye that they make
For eche of them/ gan other in wynges take
And wth their neckes/ eche gan other wynde
Thankyng alway y^e noble goddes of kynde

But syrl were chosen/ foules for to syng
As yere by yere/ was alway their blisance
To syng a roundell/ at their departyng
To do Nature honour and plesaunce
The note I trowe/ ymaked was in fraunce
The wordz were such/ as ye may here synde
In the next verse/ as I nowe haue in mynde

C Qui bien ayme/ tard onblie.

And wth the shoutig/ wh^o their song was do
That y^e foules made/ at their flyght away
I woke/ and other bokes toke me to
To rede vpon/ and yet I reke alway
I hope ywys/ to rede so soone day
That I shal mete/ some thyng for to fare
The better: & thus to rede I wyll nat spare

Thus endeth the assemble of foules/ other
wyse called saynt Valentynes day
compled by the famous
clerke/ Geffray
Chaucer.

D. H. Halle

The prologue.



This boke called la bele Dame Sauns
mercy/was translate out of frenche
in to Englyssh by Chescay
Chaucer/ flour of peo-
tes in our mo-
ther tong.

Halse in a dreme/ nat fully well awaked
The golde slepe me wrapped/ vnd his wig
yet nat for thy I rose/ & well nigh naked
All sodainly/ my selfe remembraunce
Of a mater/ leauyng all other thyng
Whiche I must do/ withouten more delay
For them/the whiche I durst nat disobey

My charge was this/ to translate by & by
All thyng forgyue/ as parte of my penaunce
A boke/called La bell dame sauns mercy
Which maister Aleyne made of remembraunce

These secratorie/ with the kyng of frasice
And herbpon/ a whyle I stode misyng
And in my selfe/greatly ymagynyng

What wyse I shulde/pforme the said penaunce
Consydring/ by good aduysement
My vncunnyng/and my great symplenesse
And apenwarde/the straite comandement
Whiche that I had: and thus in myne ente
I was vexed/and tourned vp and downe
And yet at last/as in conclusyon

I cast my clothes on/ and went my way
This forsayd charge/ hauing in remembraunce
Tyll I came to a lusty grene baley
full of floures/ to se a great plesaunce
And so boldly/with their benigne suffraunce
Whiche reed this boke/ touchig this matere
Thus I began/ if it please you to here.

flat

La bell dame sauns mercy

Mat long ago / ryding an easy pace
I fel in thought of toye full desperate
With great disease & Payne / so that I was
Of all louers / the most unforunat
Sith by his darte / most cruell full of hate
The dethe hath take / my lady & maistresse
And leste me sole / thus discomfyt & mate
Sore laguisshyng / and in way of distresse

Than said I thus / it falleth me to cesse
Cyther to ryme / or ditees for to make
And I surely / to make a full promesse (ke
To laugh no more / but wepe in clothes bla
By toyfull tyme (alas) nowe dothe it slake
For in my selfe / I fele no maner of ease
Let it be written / suche fortune (as I take)
Whiche nether me / nor non other doth please

If it were so / my wyll or myne entent
Constrayned were / a toyfull thyng to write
My pen coude nevere knowe / what it ment
To speke therof / my tonge hath no delyte
Tho w my mouthe / I laugh moche or lyte
Myn eyen shuld make / a contenaunce untrue
My hert also / wolde haue therof dispyte
The wepyng teares / haue so large issue

These sickle louers / I leaue þ to the longes
Whiche lede their lyfe in hope of alegeaunce
That is to saye / to make balades or sōges
Euer of the / as they fele their greuaunce
For she that was my ioye / and my plesaunce
Whose soule I pray / god of his mercy saue
She hath my wyll / myn hertes ordynance
Whiche lyeth here / in this tombe yngraue

From this tyme forth tyme is to hold my pees
It wereth me / this mater for to trete
Let other louers / put them selfe in prees
Their season is / my tyme is nowe forgete
Fortune by strength the forcer hath unshete
Wherin was sperde / all my worldly riches
And all the goodes / whiche þ I haue gete
In my best tyme of youthe / and lustynesse

Loue hath me kept / vnder his gouernance
þ I mis dyd / god graut me forgyuenesse

þ I dyde well / yet felte I no plesaunce
It caused neyther ioye / nor heynesse
For whan she dyed / that was my maistres
My welfare / than made the same purchase
The dethe hath shette my bondes of witnes
Whiche for nothing myn hert shall nevere pase

In this gret thought / sore troubled I mynde
Alone thus rode I / all the morowe tyde
Tyll at the last / it happed me to fynde
The place / wherin I cast me to abyde
Whan that I had / no further for to ryde
And as I went / my lodgyng to purvey
Right soone I herde / a lytell me besyde
In a garden / where mynstris gan to play

With that anone / I went me backer moore
My selfe and I / me thought we were knowe
But twayne þ were my frendes here before
Had me espyed / and yet I wote nat howe
They cae for me / a weywarde I me drowe
Whowhat byforce / so what by their request
That in no wyse / I coude my selfe rescowe
But nedes I must / come in and se the fell

At my coming / the ladyes enetichone
Wadde me welcome / god wote right getelly
And made me there / euery one by one
A great dele better / than I was worthy
And of their grace / shewde me greate curtesy
In good dispoyt / because I shuld nat mourn
That day I hode styll / in their company
Whiche was to me / a gracious sorourne

The bordes were spred / in right lytell space
The ladyes sat / eche as hem semed best
There were no deedly seruautes in þ place
But chosen men / right of the goodlyell
And soe there were / paueturie most stessheli
That saue their iugges full demure
Without semblaunt / outhir to most oþ leſt
Nawich stādyng / they had the vnder cure

Among all other / one I gan espy
Whiche in gret thought / full often cae & wet
As one that had ben cauylshed vterly
In his langage / nat greatly diligente

La bell dame sauns mercy

His countenaunce he kept wth great torment
But his desyre/farre passed his reason
For euer his eye/went after his entent
Full many a tym / whan it was no season

To make chere/sore hym selfe he payned
And outwardly/he fayned great gladnesse
To syng also/byforce he was constrainyd
For no plesaunce/but very shamefastnesse
For the complaynt of his most heuynesse
Came to his boyce alway/without request
Lyke as the soude of byrdes/dothe expresse
Whan they syng loude/in syrth or in forest

Other there were/that serued in the hall
But none lyke hym/as after myne aduyse
For he was pale/and so what lene withall
His speche also trymbled/in fearfull wylle
And euer alone/but whan he dyde seruyce
All blacke he ware/ & no deuyse but playne
Me thought by hi/as my wyt coude suffice
His hert was nothing in his own demeyne

To feest them all/he dyde his diligencie
And well he coude/right as it semed me
But euermore/whan he was in presence
His chere was done/it wolde none other be
His scole maister/had suche autorite
That all the whyle/he bode styl in þ place
Speke coude he nat/but bpon her beaute
He loked styl/with right a pitous face

With that his heed/he tourned at the last
For to beholde/the ladys everychone
But euer in one/he sette his eye stedfast
On her/which his thought was most bpon
For of his eyen/the shorte I knewe anone
Whiche fearfull was/wth right hubble reastes
Than to my selfe/I sayd by good alone
Suche one was I/or þ I sawe these iestes

Out of the prese/he went full easly
To make stable his heuyn countenaunce
And wote ye well/he sighed wonderly
For his sorowes/and wofull remembraunce
Than in hym selfe/he made his ordynaunce
And soorthwithall/came to bring in þ messe

But for to iuge/his most wofull penaunce
God wote it was/a pitous entremesse

Aster dynyr/anone they them auaunced
To daunce about/the folkes everychone
And soorthwithall/this heuy man he daunced
Sotyme with twayne/ & sotyme with one
Unto them all/his chere was after one
Nowe here nowe there/as fyl by auenture
But euer among/he drewe to her alone
Whiche he most dred/of lyueng creature

To myn aduyse/good was his putynesse
Whan he her chace/to his maistres alone
If that her hert were sette to his plesaunce
As moche as was/her beauteous persone
For who so euer/setteth his trust bpon
The reporte of the eyen/withouten more
He myght be ded/and grauen vnder stone
Or euer he shulde/his hertes ease restore

In her fayled nothyng/that I coude gesse
One wylle nor other/preuy nor perte
Agaryson she was/of all goodlynnesse
To make a fcounter/for a louers hert
Right yonge & fresshe/a woman full couert
Assured wele of po:te/and eke of chere
Wele at her ease/withouten wo or smert
All vnderneath/the standerd of daungers

To se the feest/it weryed me full so^þ
For heuy toye/dothe sore the hert traueyle
Out of the prese/I me wthdwe therfore
And set me downe/alone behynde a trayle
Full of leaues/to se a great marueyle
With grene wrethes/phouden wonderly
The leaues were so thicke/withouten fayle
That throughout/no man might me espy

To his lady/he came full curtesly (trace
Whan he thought tym to daunce with her
Set in an herber/made full plesaunce
They rested the fro thens/but a lytell space
Nigh them were none/of a certayne copase
But onely they/as farre as I coude se
Saue þ trayle/there I had chose my place
There was no more/birwix hem two & me

I herde

La bell dame sauns mercy

I herde the lorer sighyng very sore
For aye the nere/ the sozer it hym sought
His inward payn he coude nat kepe i store
Nor for to speke/ so hardy was he nougat
His leche was nere y greet was his thought
He mused so/ to conqueire his desyre
For no man may to moxe penace be brought
Than in his herte/ to bring hym to the syre

The herte began to swell within his chesc
So soze constrainyd/ for anguylshe & payns
That all to peces/ almost it is brest
Whan bothe atones/ so soze it dyde constrainyd
Desyre was holde but shame it gan refreyn
The one was large/ the other was full close
No lytell charge/ was layde on hi certayne
To kepe suche warre/ & haue so many fose

Full often tymme/ to speke hi selfe he payned
But shamefastnesse & drede/ said ever may
yet at the last/ so soze he was constrainyd
Whan he full long/ had put it in delay
To his lady/ right thus than gan he say
With dredefull boice/ wepig/ halse in a rage
For me was purveyed/ an vnhappy day
Whan I syt had a slyght of your visage

I suffre Payne god wots/ full hote bysyng
To cause my dethe/ all for my true letysse
And I se well/ ye recke therof nothysng
Nor take no heede of it in no kynde wyle
But whan I speke/ after my best aduyse
ye set it at nougat/ but make therof a game
And thoughte I se we/ so great an enterpris
yet perdyng nat your worshyp nor your fes

Alas/ what shulde it be to you prefudye
yf that a man do loue you faithfully
To your worship/ eschewyng every vice
So am I yours/ and wyll be verily
I chalenge nougat of right/ and reason why
For I am hole submyt vnto your seruyce
Right as ye lyst it be/ right so wyll I (se
To kynde my selfe/ where I was in strauchi

Lamant

Though it be so/ that I can nat deserue
To haue yow grace/ but alway lyue i drede

yet suffre me/ you for to loue and serue
Wouten maugre/ of your most goodlyhede
Both faith & trithe I gyue your womahed
And my seruyce/ without any callyng (de
Loue hath me boide/ wouten wage or mes
To be your man/ and leue all other thyng

La dame

Whan this lady had herde all this langage
She gaue ans were/ full solte & demurely
Without chaungyng/ of colour or corage
Nothysng in hast/ but mesurably
My thynketh sir/ your thought is great folys
Purpose ye nougat/ your labour for to cese
For thynketh na/ whyles ye lyue and I
In this matet/ to set your herte in peale

Lamant

There may none make y peace/ but only ye
Which are y grounde & cause of all this war
For with your eyen/ the letters written be
By whiche I am desyed and put a far
your picauant loke/ my very lode stac
Was made herald/ of thylke same dissiasice
Whiche biterly behight me for to beare
My faulthul trust/ and all myne assyauice

La dame

To lyue in wo/ he hath great fantasie
And of his herte/ also slypper holde
That onely for beholdyng of an eye
Can nat abyde in peace/ as reason wolde
Other or me/ if ye lyst ye may beholde
Our eyen are made to loke/ why shulde we
I take no kepe/ nether of yow ne olde (spare
Who feleth smert/ I coulde hym beware

Lamant

If it be so/ one hurte another sore
In his defaut/ that feleth the greuaunce
Of very right/ a man may do no more
yet reason wolde/ it were in remembraunce
And siche fortune onely by her chaunce
Hath caused me to suffre all this Payne
By your beaute/ with all the cyrcustaunce
Why lyst ye haue me/ in so great disdayne

La dame

To your persone/ ne haue I no disdayne
Nor never had truly/ ne nougat wyll haue
Nor right greet loue/ nor hatered i certayne
Nor your coulde to knowe/ so god me saue
yf such

La bell dame launs mercy

Yf suche loue be in your mynde ygtaine
That I tell chyng/ may do you dispesature
you to begyle/ or make you sor to rauue
I wyll nat cause/ no suche encumberaunce

Lamant

What ever it be/ þ me hath thus purchased
Wenyng hath nat disreyued me certayne
But seruent loue/ so sore hath me ychased
That I vnware/ am casten in your chayne
And siche so is/ as fortune lyll ordayne
All my welfare/ is in your handes fall
In eschewyng/ of more mischeuous payne
Who sonest dyeth/ his care is lest of all

La dame

This sickenesse is/ right easie to endure
But fewe people/ it causeth sor to dye
But what they mean/ I knowe it very serte
Of more confort/ to drawe the remedy
Siche be there nowe/ playnig full pitously
That sele god wote/nat alther grettest pay
And if so be/ loue hurt so grewously (ne
Lesse harm it were/ one sorofull thā twayn

Lamant

Mag madame/ if that it myght you please
Moche better it were/ by way of getynelle
Of one sorie/ to make twayne well at ease
Than hym to destroy/ that lyueh i distresse
For my despise is/ neyther more nor lesse
But my seruice/ to do for your plesaunce
In eschewyng/ all maner of doublenesse
To make two ioyes/ i stede of one greuaunce

La dame

Of loue I seke/ neyther plesaunce nor easie
Nor haue ther in/ no great assyauice
Though ye be like/ it doth me nothig please
Also I take no hede of your plesaunce
Chese who so wyll/ their hertes to auauice
Free am I nowe/ and free wyll I endure
To be ruled/ by mannes gouernaunce
For ethely good: May/ that I you ensure

Lamant

Loue/ whiche þ toye/ & sorowe doth departe
Hath sette the ladyes/ out of all seruage
And largely doth graunt the for their part
Lordship and rule/ of every maner of age
The pore seruaunt/nought hath of auantage
But what he may gete/ onely by purchesse

And he that onys/ to loue dothe his homage
Full often tyme/ dere bought is the richesse
La dame

Ladyes be nat so symple/ thus I men
So dull of wytte/ so sorred in folly
That for wordes/ which said be of þ splens
In fayre langage/ payned full plesaunce
Whiche ye and mo/ holde scoles of darly
To make the all/great wonders to suppose
But sone they can away/ their heedes wrie
And to fayre speche/ lightly their eyes close

Lamant

There is no man/ that iangleth busely
And setteth his hert/ & all his mide therfore
That by reason/ may playne so pitously
As he that hath/moche heuynesse in store
Whose heed is hole/ & saythe that it is sore
His fayned chere/ is herde to kepe in me we
But thought/ which is unfayned euermore
The wordes preueth/ as the workes shew

La dame

Loue is subtel/ and hath a great awayte
Sharpe i working/ i gabbynig gret plesaunce
And can hym venge/ of siche as by discepcion
Wolde sele & knowe/his secrete gouernaunce
And makerh them/ to obey his ordynance
By cherefull wyses/as in them is supposed
But whan they fall in to repentaunce
Than in a rage/ their counsayle is disclosed.

Lamant

Siche for/ as moche/as god and the nature
Hath auauised loue/ to so hye degre
Moch sharpe is the poynt/ thus am I sure
yet greueth more the saute/ where euer it be
Who hath no colde/of heare hath no deyne
The one for/ that other/ as ked is expresse
And of plesaunce/ knoweth no cerayne
But it be one/ in thought and heuynesse

La dame

As for plesaunce/ it is nat alway one
That you thike swete/ I thike a bys payne
ye may nat me colstrayne/ nor yet right now
After your lust to loue/ that is but dyng
To chalenge loue by right/was never seyne
But her assent/ before bonde and promesse
For strength and force/may nat attrayne
I wyll that standeth enfessed in straunce

Lamant

Right

La bell dame sauns mercy

Right fayre lady/god mote I never please
Yf I seke other right in this case
But for to shewe you plainly my disease
And your mercy to abyde/ & eke your grace
Yf I putpose your honour to disface
Ouer eyde/god and forture me shewe
And that I never baignefully purchase
One onely roye/bnto my lyues ende

La dame

ye and such other/ þ s were such other fast
And so condempne/ and cursen to and fro
full surely ye wene your other last
No lenger than the wondres be ago
And god and eke his sayntes laugh also
In suchel weryng/there is no stedfastnesse
And these wretches/ þ haue full trust thereto
After they wepe and waylen in distresse

Lamant

He hath no corage of a man truely
That secheth plesance/worship to dispree
Nor to be called forthe is nat worshyp
Therthe to touche/ þ aye in no byns wylle
I trusty her/ a mouthe without seynyp
Tha gbe the strengþ/ of every maner name
And who þ leþerh his faiþe for lytell pris
He leþerh borthe his worshyp & his fame

La dame

A curted her/ a mouthe that is curteysse
full well ye wote/they be nat accordyng
yet fayned chere/rightsome may the a peyse
Where of malice/is sette all their working
full false semblant they her/ & true semyn
Thei name/their fame/their rages but say
Worship in the/is put in forgetyng (ned
Nought repented/nor in no wise copleyned

Lamant

Who thynketh yll/no good may hym be fall
God of his grace/grant eche man his deserte
But for his loue/amog your thoughtes all
As thynke upon/may wofull sorowes smart
For of my payne/wheder your tender her
Of swete pte/be nat therwith agreed
And of your grace/to the were discouert
That by po'mean/sone shulde I be releued

La dame

A lyghtsome her/ a folly of plesance
Are moche better/the leſſe whyle they abyde

They make you thike/ & bng you i a traſice
But that sickeresse/wyll sone be remedie
Respite your thought/ & put all this a syde
full good dispose/ wereth me all day
To helpe nor hurte/my wyll is nat a plyde
Who crouerh me nouȝt/I let them passe

Lamant (away)

Who hath a byde/a faulcon/bz a hounde
That foloweth hym for loue in euery place
He theris beth hym/ & keþet hi full sounde
Out of his sight/he wyll nat hym enchaſe
And I that sette my wyrtes in this case
On you alone/ withouten any chaunge
Am put vnder/moche farther out of grace
And leſſe set by/ than other that be straunge

La dame

Though I make chere to every man about
For my worship/ & for myn owne strachise
To you I myll do so/ withouten dout
In eschewyng all maner p̄ejudise
For wote ye well/loue is so lytell wylle
And in beleue/so lighlyp wyl be brought
That he taketh all at his owne deuyse
Of thyng god wote/ þ leþerh hi of nouȝt

Lamant

Yf I by loue/ and by my true seruyce
Leſſe þ good chere/ þ stradgers haue alway
Wherof shall serue my truthe in any wyse
Leſſe than to hym/ þ cometh & goþe alday
Whiche holdeth of you nothig/ þ is no nay
Also in you is lost/as to my semyn
All curtesy/whiche of reason wyll say
That loue for loue/ were laſfull despizing

La dame

Curteys is alþe wonder nere
To worshyp/ whiche hym loueth tendertly
And he wyll nat be bounde for no prayere
Nor for no gyfes/I say you verily
But his good chere/ departe full largely
Whiche hym lyþeth/ as his conceit wyll fall
Guerdon cōstrayned/a gyft done thāſſully
These twayne can nevere accorde nor never

Lamant (shalt)

As for guerdon/I seke non in this case
For that deserte/to me it is to hye
Wherfore I aske your gyfes & your grace
Siche ne dehoueth deþe/or your mercy

& To gyfes

Zabell d'anne sauns mercy

To gyue the good/ where it wanteth truly
That were reason/ and a curtesse manere
And to yo: own/ moche better were worshyp
Thā to strāgers/ to shewe the louely cheare

La dame

What call ye good/ sayne wolde I þ I wylle
That pleasereth one/ another smerteth soze
But of his owne/ to large is he that lyþ
Gyue moche/ & lese his good name therfore
One shulde nat make a graut lytle ne more
But the request were right well accordyng
Yf worshyp be nat kepte and sette before
All that is lakke/ is but a lytell thyng

Lamant

To to this woldē/ was fōsded never none
Nor vnder heuyn/ creature ybore
Nor never shall/ saue only your psonne (soze
To whom your worshyp toucheth halfe so
But me/ which haue no season lesse ne more
Of youthe ne age/ but stylle in your scruyce
I haue no eyen/ no wytte/ nor mouth i stōze
But all be gyuen to the same offyce

La dame

I full great charge hath he/ withouten sayle
That his worshyp kepereth in sekertnesse
But in daunger he setteth his traueyie
That fesseth it/ with others busynesse
To hym that longeth/ honour and noblesse
Upon none other/ shulde nat he awaite
For of his owne/ so moche hath he the lesse
That of other/ moche foloweth the concepte

Lamant

your eyen hath set the p̄int/ whiche þ I sele
Within my hert/ that where soeuer I go
Yf I do thyng/ that lowneth unto wele
Nedes must it come from you/ & fro no mo
Fortune wylle this/ that I for wele oþ wo
My lyfe endure/ your mercy abyding
And very right wylle/ that I thynke also
Of your worshyp/ aboue all other thyng

La dame

To your worshyp se well/ for that is nedē
That ye spēde nat your season all in bayne
As touchyng myn/ I rede you take no heds
By your folly/ to put your selfe in payng
To ouercome is good/ and to restrayn
In hert/ whiche is disceyued follyþ

For worse it is to breke than bothe certayns
Better bowe/ than to fall sodainly

Lamant

Now sayre lady thynke/ sithe it fyſt began
That loue hath set myn hert vnder his curse
It never myght/ ne truly I ne can
None other serue/ while I shall here endure
In most free wylle/ therof I make you sure
Whiche may nat be wdrawne/ this is no nay
I must abyde all maner aduenture
For I may nother put to noȝ take away

La dame

I holde it for no gyfte in soth fastnesse
That one offreth/ where it is forlake
For suche a gyfte is abadonyng expresse
That with worshyp aven may nat berake
He hath an hert full feil that lyþ to make
A gyfte lightly/ that put is to refuse
But he is wylle/ that suche coceite wylle flake
So that hym nedē/ nother to study ne muse

Lamant

He shulde nat muse/ þ hath his seruice sp̄es
On her/ whiche is a lady honoȝable
And if I spende my tyme to that enten
yet at the leſt/ I am nat reprovable
Of leynd hert/ to thynke I am knable
Or I myſtōke/ whan I made this requiſe
By whiche loue hath/ of enterp̄ise notable
So many hertes gotten by conquest

La dame

If that ye lyþ do after my counsayle
Seche a sayer/ and of moxe higher fame
Whiche in scruyce of loue/ wyl you haue
After your thought/ accordyng to the same
He hurteth bothe his worshyp & his name
That follyþ/ for swayne hi selfe wyl troue
And he also/ leseth his after game
That surely can nat set his poyntes double

Lamant

This your couſaile/ by ought that I can se
Is better said than done/ to myne aduyse
Though I beleue it nat/ for gyue it me
Myne hert is such/ so hole wout fantayſe
That I ne may gyue credence in no wylle
To thyng/ whiche is nat so wonig vnto truthe
Other counsayle I leſe/ but fantayſe
Saue of your grace/ to shewe myte & truthe

La dame

I holde

La bell dame sauns mercy

I holde hym wyse/ that worketh no folys
And whan hym lyk can leaue & pte therfro
But in connyng/ he is to lerne truly
That wolde hym selfe conduite/ & can nat so
And he that wyll nat after counsayle do
His sute he purterth in to desperaunce
And all the good that shulde fall hym to
Is lost and deed/clene out of remembraunce

Lamant

yet wyll I sews this mater faithfully
Whyles I lyue/ what euer be my chaunce
And if it happe/ that in my truche I dye
Than dethe shall do me no displeaunce
But whan þ I/by your harde suffraunce
Shall dye so true/ and with so gret a Payne
yet shall it do me moche the leste greuaunce
Than soz to lyue/a false louer certayne

La dame

Of me get ye right nougat/ this is no fable
I wyll to you/ be nother harde nor strepte
And right wyll nat no man customeable
To thynke ye shulde/ be sure of my coceyte
Who lecheth sorowe/his be the receypte
Other counsayle/can I nat sele nor se
Nor soz to lerne/ I cast me nat to awarte
Who wyll therof/ let hym assay for me

Lamant

Ones must it be assayde/ this is no may
With siche as be of reputacion
And of true loue/ the right honour to pay
Of free herres gotten by dewe raunsome
Soz frewyll holdeth this oppnion
That it is great duresse/ and disconforte
To kepe a heret in so straute a prisone
That hath but one body for his disperte

La dame

I knowe so many causes marueilous
That I must nede of reason thike certayne
That siche auenture/ is wonder perylous
And yet well more/ þ connyng backe agayne
Good or worship/ therof is seldomme seme
Where I ne wyll make siche array
As soz to lynde a plesaunce/but a barayne
Whan it shall cost so dere/ the hyt assay

Lamant

ye haue no cause to doute of this mater
Nor you to meue/ with no siche fantasye

To put me farre all out/ as a straunger
For your goodnesse/ can thike & well advise
That I haue made a prie/ in euery wyse
By which my truche sheweth open euidence
My long abyding and my truc seruycce
May wele be knownen/by pleyne experiance

La dame

Of very right/he may be called trewe
And so must he be take in euery place
That can discerne/ and let as he ne knewe
And kepe the good/ if he it may purchase
For who that prayeth or swereth in any case
Right well ye wote/ in þ no truche is pured
Siche hath there ben/ & are / þ geten grace
And lese it done/ whan they haue it achyued

Lamant

þf truche me cause/by vertue souerayne
To shewe good lde/ & alway fynde contrary
And cherishe þ/ which sleeth me w þ Payne
This is to me/a louely aduersary
Whan þ pyte/which long on slepe doth tary
Hath sette the syne/of all my heynesse
yet her conforte/ to me most necessary
Whall set my wyll/more sure in gladnessse

La dame

The wosfull wight/ what may he thynke of
The contrary of all lode & gladnesse (say
A sliche body/his thought is alway
From them that fren no soze nor sickenesse
Thus hurteth ben/ of dyuers busynesse
Whiche loue hath put to great hyndrance
And truche also/ put in forgetfulnesse
Whan they full soze begyn to sylge al hauice

Lamant

Nowe god defende/but he be harmlesse
Of all worshyp or good that may befall
That so wert tourneþ by his feudnesse
A giste of grace/oþ any thyng at all
That his lady bouchesake vpon hym call
Or chrissheth hym/in honorable wyse
In that defaute/ what euer he be that fall
Deserueth more than dethe/ to suffre twise

La dame

There is no iuge yset on siche trespass
By whiche of right loue may recovered be
One curseth fast/ another dothe manase
yet dyeth none/ as farre as I can se

e.ii. But

La bell dame sauns mercy

But kepe their course/ alway in one degré
And evermore/ their labour dothe encrease
To bring ladies/ by their great subtelte
For others gypte/in sorowe and disease

La dame

Albeit so/ one dothe so great offence
And is nat deed/no; put to no iustyce
Right well I wote/ hym gayneth no difféce
But he must ende/ in full mischeuous wise
And all euer said/ god wyl hym dispynce
For falsoheed is full of cursednesse (prise
That his worship/mayne neuer haue enter
Where it reigneth/ & hath the wylfulnessesse

La dame

Of þ haue they no great feare nowe a dayse
Suche as wyl say/ & mainteyne it therto
That stedfast truthe is nothig for to prayse
In them that kepe it long in wele or wo
Their busynesses/ passen to and fro
They be so well reclaymed to the lure
So well lerned them/to wholde also (dure
And all to chaunge/whan loue shulde best en

La dame

Whan one hath settē his hert in stable wylle
In suche a place/ as is bothe good & trewe
He shulde nat flytte/but do forthe his service
Alway/withouten chaunge of any newe
As lone as loue begynneth to remewe
All plesaunce gothe anone/ in lytell spacs
As for my partie/that shall I eschewe
Whyle the soule abydeth in his place

La dame

To loue truely/there as it ought of right
ye may nat be mystaken doutlesse
But ye be loule disceyued in your sight
By light understandyng/ as I gesse
yet may ye well repell your busynesse
And to reason/ haue some attendaunce
Moche better than to abide by foly siplenes
The feble socour of disperaunce

La dame

Reason/cousayle/ wisedome/ a good aduyse
Ben vnder loue arrested everychone
To whiche I can accorde in every wylle
For they be nat rebell/ but styll as a stone
Their wyl and myne/ be medled all in one
And therw bouden with so stronge a cheyne

That as in them/ departyng shalbe none
But pyte b̄zeke/the myghty bonde at waynes
La dame

ye loue nat your selfe/what euer ye be
That in loue stande forgete in every place
And of your wo/if ye haue no pyte
Others pyte beleue ye nat to purchase
But be fully assured/ as in this case
I am alway vnder one ordinaunce
To haue better trust/nat after grace
And all that leue h/ take to your plesaunce

La dame

I haue my hope so sure/ and so stedfast
That suche a lady shulde nat lacke pyte
But nowe alas/it is shytte by so fast
That daunger sheweth on me his cruelte
And if she se the vertue fayle in me
Of true seruyce/ though she do fayle also
No wonder were/ but this is my surete
I must suffre/whiche way that euer it go

La dame

Leaue this purpose/ I rede you for þ best
For the lenger ye kepe/it is in hayne
The lasse ye gete/as of your herbes rel
And to reioyse/it shall you neuer attayne
Whā ye abyde goodhope to make you faine
ye shalbe founde a sorted in dotage
And in thende/ye shall knowe for certayn
Hope shall pay þ wretches for their waye

La dame

ye say/as falleth most for your plesaunce
And your power is great/all this I se
But hope shall neuer out of my remembrance
By whiche I fele so great aduersypte
For whan nature hath set in you plente
Of all goodnesse/ by vertue and by grace
He neuer assembled them/as seemed me
To put pyte/out of his dwellyng place

La dame

Pyte of right/ ought to be resonable
And to no wight/do no great disauantage
There as is nede/it shulde be profitable
And to the pitous/shewyng no damage
If a lady wyl do so great outrage
To shewe pyte/ and cause her owne debate
Of suche pyte/cometh dispytous rage
And of suche loue/ also right deedly hate

La dame

To

La bell dame sauns mercy

To conforte them/ that lythe all confortlesse
That is no harme/ but confort to your name
But ye that haue a hert of suche duresse
And a sayre lady/ I must affyrm the same
ys I durst say/ ye wynn all this desame
By cruelte/ whiche syteth you full yll
But if ppte/ whiche may all this acomme
In your highe hert/ may rest and tary stylle

La dame

What euer he be/ that saythe he louerh me
And parauenture/ I leue well it be so
Dught he be wrothe/ or shulde I blamed be
Though I dyd nat/ as he wold haue me do
ys I medled with suche/ or other mo
It myght be called ppre mercylesse
And afterwarde/ if I shulde lyue in wo
Than to repente/ it were to late I gesse

Lamant

O marble hert/ and yet more harde parde
Whiche mercy may nat perce/ for no labour
Moze stronge to bothe/ than is a mighty tre
What ayeyleth you to shewe so greet rigour
Pleseth it you more/ to se me dye this hour
Before your eyen/ for your despoyle & play
Than for to shewe some confort or socour
To respite derthe/ whiche chasch me alway

La dame

Of your disease/ ye may haue allegaunce
And as for myne/ I lete it ouer slake
Also/ ye shall nat dye for my plesaunce
Nor for your heale/ I can no surety make
I wyl nat hurt my selfe for others sake
Wepe they/ laught they/ or syng they I warat
for this mater/ so wyl I vnder take
That none of the/ shall make therof auaint

Lamant

I can nat syll of loue/ by god alone
I haue more cause to wepe in your presence
And well ye wote/ auaintour am I none
for certainte/ I loue better scilence
One shulde nat loue by his hertes credence
But he were sure to kepe it secretly
for a hauntour/ is of no reverence
Whan that his tonge is his most enemy

La dame

(met
Male bouche in court/ bath great comande
Eche man studyeth to say p worst he may

These false louers/ in this tyme nowe flesent
They serue best/ to iangle as a Jaye
The most secrete ywis/ yet some men say
Howe ha mystrusted is/ in some parysse
Wherfore to ladies whā so men speke or say
It shulde be beleued in no wylle

Lamant

Of good and yll shalbe/ and is alway
The wroldē is such/ therth is nat all playn
They p̄ be good/ p̄ p̄ose sheweth euery day
And other wylle/great bilityn certayne
It is reason/ though one his tong distayne
With cursed speche/to do hym selfe a shame
That suche refuse/ shuld wroghfully remain
Upon the good/ renomē in their fame

La dame

(newe
Such as be nought/ whā they here tdyngs
That eche traspas/ shall lightly haue gdon
They that pursue to be good and trewe
Wyll nat sec by none yll disposycion
To contynue in every good condycion
They are the fyre/ that fallen in domage
And full frely/ the hertes abandon
To lytell faiche/ with softe & sayre langage

Lamant

Nowe knowe I wile/ of vety certayne
If one do truely/ yet shall he be shent
Siche all maner of vnyce and ppre
Is hanysched out of a ladyes entent
I can nat se/ but all is at one shent
The good/ the yll/ the bice/ & eke the vertus
Suche as be good/ suche haue p̄ punishment
For the trespass/ of them that lyue bntus

La dame

I haue no power/ you to do greuaunce
Nor to punysche none other creature
But to esthetwe/ the more encomberaunce
To kepe vs from you all/ I holde it sure
False semblaunce/ hath a face full demure
Lightly to catche these ladyes in a wayne
Wherfore we must/ if we wyl here endure
Sake right good watch/ so this is my cōcēt

Lamant

With that of grace/ a goodly wroldē nat one
May nowe be had/ but alway kept in store
I appels to god/ for he may here my mons
Of the dawntū/ whiche gruerth me so sore

e. iii. And of

La bell dame sauns mercy

And of pyte / I complayne furthermore
Whiche he forgate / in all his ordinaunce
Or els my lyfe / to haue ended before
Whiche so soone am / put out of remembrance

La dame
My hert nor I / haue done you no forseyte
By whiche ye shulde cōplayne in any kynde
Nothig hurteth you / but your owne cōcept
We iuge your selfe / for so ye shall it fynde
Thus alway / let this synke in your mide
That your desyre / shall never recovered be
Ye noye me sore / in wastynge all this wynde
For I haue said ynoch / as semeth me

Lament
This wofull man rose vp in all his payne
And so parted / with weyng countenaunce
His wofull hert / almost to brast in twayne
Full lyke to dye / walkyng forthe in a traunce
And said / deche come forth / thy selfe auance
Or that myne hert forgete his properte
And make shouter / all this wofull penaunce
Of my poore lyfe / full of aduersites

To this he wet / but whider wyll I sought
Nor to what parte he drome in sothfastnesse
But he no more was / in his ladyes thought
For to the daunce alone / she gan her dresse
And afterward / one tolde me thus expiess
He rent his heer / for anguylle & for Payne
And in hym selfe / toke so great hewynesse
That he was dead / within a day or twayne

Finis.

Lenuoy de l'impzimeur.

O ye lusty galondes of hote corage
Put nat this example in oblyuion
In loue beware / vse nat to great outrage
But moderate your desyres by discretion
Cis wyll it tourne to your owne confusyon
& than po' fredes shall haue cause to moine
your enemys you moche / & laugh to scorne

And ye ladyes / endued with hye prudence
Whan these disceitfull louers labour byll
With their fayned and payned eloquence
Their carnall lustes / to cause you to fulfyll

1000C 9

Many a huge othe / depose they wyll
per for all that / take heve aboue all thyng
It is no loue they shewe / but blandisshyng

for very loue is that / that dothe couere
His owne labour / his owne thig to dispēde
To another persons pleasure and profit
His owne pleasure / in no wyse to attende
But he that woyng a lady dothe entende
Taccōplysshe his owne voluptuounes
Loueth nat her / but loueth hi selfe doulless

For he that by wordes / or giftis doth puruse
To deprive a woman her best iwell
As her good name & fame / & chaste heue
Is signe of no good loue / but hate cruell
Wherfore in reason / I may conclude well
Who loueth his lady after suche rate (hate
Sheweth her no true loue / but most deedly

And he that consydreth the necessitees
Logyng to loue / as attendace / thought / & care
Labour / cost / and other incomoditees
Prudently ought / to take heve and beware
He finally shall fynde / none other welfare
But for the atchayeng of one plesaunce
To be sure to suffre / treble penaunce

Wherfore / ye gentyll people yong and olde
Men or women / what soever ye be
To loue / I counsayle you be nat to holde
Exepte it be ordred to suche degré
As concerneth spousayle / in honeste
yet / if ye wyll in fercuent loue excell
Loue god aboue althynge / & than do ye well.

**Thus endeth the boke / called La bell
dame sauns mercy: And here folo-
weth certayne morall puerbes
of the sondayd Geffray**

Chaucers dopng.

Mozall prouerbes

Ecce horum consilium Galfredi
Chaucer contra fortis
nam.

Help fro p[ro]prece / & dwelle w[ith] sothfastnesse
Suffise unto thy good / though it be small
For horde hath hate / & clymbyng cyclenesse
Prece hath envy / & wele is blent ouer all
Sauour no more / than the behoue shall
Rule thy selfe / that other folke canst rede
And trouthe the shall deluyer it is no d[re]de

Payne the nat / eche crooked to redresse
In trust of her / that courneth as a ball
Great rest / stonde in lytell busynesse
Beware also / to sporne agaynst a wall
Stryue nat / as dothe a cocle with a whall
Daunt thy selfe / that dauntest other dede
And trouthe the shall deluyer / it is no d[re]de

That the is sent / receyue it in buxumnesse
The w[or]stlyng of this w[or]lde as her a fall
Here is no home / here is but wylternesse
Forth pilgrym forth / forth beest out of þ[er] stall
Loke up on highe / & thanke our lord of all
Wey thy lust / and let thy gost the lede
And trouthe þ[er] shall deluyer / it is no d[re]de.

Cfinis.

Mozall prouerbes of Christyn.

The great vices / of our elders notable
Ofte to remembre / is chyng profytable
In happy house is / where dwelleth prude
For where she is / Rayson is in presence (ce
A temperate man colde / from hast assurde
May nat lightly / long season be mynsured
Constaunce corages / in sappence formed
Wyll in no wylle / to byces be conformed
Where nys Justyce / that lande nor þ[er] coustre
May nat long regyne in good prosperite
Without saythe / may there no creature
Be unto god plesaunt / as sayth scripture
Proper woldly / and to god acceptable
Can no man be / but he be charitable
Hope heþeth nat promyse in every wylle
Yet in this w[or]lde / it gypdeth many a wylle

In great estate / lyþe nat the glorioze
But in vertue / whiche woxþe is memorie
A truell prince / grounded in auaryce
Shulde his people nat trust / if he be wylle
Gyueng in tyme / and wylsely to refreygne
Maketh one wealty / and in estate to regyne
Now preye now blame / comenly by þ[er] fau-
Sþewereth folly / & no maner constaunce (ce
A princes courte / without a gouernour
Beyng prudent / can nat last in honour
Great diligencie / with a good remembraunce
Doþe a man ofte / to high honore auaunce
A sole can preye nought / for lacke of reason
And the wylle man hath no p[re]sumpcion
A mighty prince / þ[er] wylle here his counsayle
Paciency / to prosperit can nat sayle
He is prudent / that maketh purueaunce
For chyng to come / before or fall the chace
A man in pride fixid / with hert and mynde
Casteth no d[re]de / yet wo sone doþ him finde
That lande hath hap / wherof þ[er] lord of þ[er] big
Is latde and true / and þ[er] good lyueng
Lightly to here / and to loue slaterie
Gentilieh escour / & warre doþe multiply
Wylle is nat he / that weneth to be sure
Of his estate / though he haue it in bre
In suffisaunce of this w[or]ldeis richesse
Is surer rest / than in the great largesse
To haunt vertues / and byces to banysshe
Maketh a man wylle / and godly to synishe
A benigne prince / of good condycions
Drawereth many one / to his oppynions
He is happy / that can enample take
Of his neighbour / seyng hi so wiles make
Wisedome they lacke / þ[er] fortune do nat d[re]de
For many a wight to trouble doþe she lede
Moche to enuyze / is no chyng profytable
Nor for to be greatly entermytable
To moche trusshing hath hindred many a man
So hath wenyng / þ[er] well disceþue one can
A rayling man / and for a lypre knawe
Unneth is trust / though he tell a sochlawe
He is wylle / that his pre can restrayne
And in anger / his tonge also refrayne
He that is fidde / and hath his hertes lust
What payne þ[er] highe hath he will nat trus
Falscheid is nage cautele so applyed

But

Morall proverbes

But by some folkes/ it is somtyme espyed
His renome shalbe good and long lastyng
That hath the fame of trouthe in his delig
Full great Payne is to chaunge condycion
After that age/hath one in her bandon
Who wyl hym selfe to great estate auaunce
Must aforde/be acquaynted with suffraunce
Fauour gyleth/ & many a tyme it turneth
Right to wrong/ & wrōg to right returneth
One ought to worke/ while he hath libertie
For season lost/ can nat recovered be
To moch to thike/ or els haſig no thought
Maketh one forȝete/ ſuche thyng/ as he ne
An aged man/ wout wyt or conyng (dughe
Is a velle/ that vertue is lacking
He that ſeſteth often other to blame
Giueſt right cauſe/ to here of hiſelfe þ ſame
Trewe genyſleſſe can be none other thyng
But the palais/ where honour is dwellyng
Happy he is/ that can diſpoſe hiſ lyfe
Juſtly in trouthe/ without enuy or ſtrife
Lighly is borne/ full many a heuy charge
By pacience/ and conquered at large
In great workes/ wyſe counſayle to bekeſe
Thynges derked/ to light it dothe releue
A diſſolute thyng/ uſed for plesaunce
Thende therof/ tourneſt to diſpleaunce
A full ſmall grouſe/ cauſeſt often debate
And lytle rayne dothe a great wynde abate
He that is yong/ and loueth ydelneſſe
Lightly dothe fall/ in noyfull heuynneſſe
Worldly riſeſſe/ for to wyn wrongfully
Dothe in daſiger bring/ the ſoule and body
Better honour is/ to haue a good name
Than treaſour ryche/ & more ſhall dure the
Takig auife/ upon a cauſe doutable (fame
Rememb'reth one/ of thynges profitablie
Worldly riſeſſe/ is had in great chiere
Whan dethe cometh/ all þ here left muſt be
Speche to a poyn̄t/ with a ſad countenaunce
Sheſteth in man/ a prudent gouernaunce
Drokneſſe ſleeth the wyt/ ſoule/ and body
And makeſt one fall/ in villayn ſluggardy
A prudent man/ that ſeeth well hiſ offence
Taketh good hede after/ for the deſence
A yongly man/ of chalſyng contein
Is ſigne of grace/ and of a good entent

A louyng drede is better to endure
Than that/ whiche is conſtrayned by rigure
In host/ withouten a cheſe for capitaneyne
Is ſelden ſene/ to good effecte attayne
Fewe men there be/ of promyſe lyberall
But ſome of hem they wyl breke/ or els all
Humyltie is great grace in nobelleſſe
The lower hert/ the higher men hym drefſe
Folehardineſſe and wenyng/ dothe diſceyue
full many a man/ that can it nat patteyne
Women and men/ togyder moche rownyng
May often cauſe/ ſuſpicioſus ſclaundryng
Labour in youthe is a great auauntage
For to defende in nede one in hiſ age
In bayne it is/ a man put hym to loze
But if he ſette hiſ wyt and mynde therfore
A cruell iuge/ in auarice ſette depe
Droyeth people/ as wolues done þ ſhepe
Daunger it is/ in malycie to abyde
After that hiſ enemy hath it espyed
To ſpeke in tyme/ and reſtrayne at a poyn̄t
Is ſigne of wyt/ & ſetſteth one in good poyn̄t
It is great wyt to abandon the place
Where ſauour is/ if there be tyme and ſpace
Helden is ſene any ſauour to be
Bytweſe one riche/ and one in pouerte
Lytell langage is beſt for one to uſe (ſuſe
For moche talkyng/ dothe many a man com
Blame and repreſe to haue/ is he worthy
That ſeeth the good/ and iugeth contrary
He that may nat yuell company eſcheue
pet at the leſt/ let hym ſoone thens remewe
Great folly is in hym that taketh heſe
Upon other/ and nat to hiſ owne nede
Necellite at ſomtyme to conſent
Caueſt famyne/ great trouble & torment
Repented hath many a creature Thyng
done away/ whiche in hiſ hande was ſure
Curteſſe ſpekyng/ reſtrayneſt ofte þſe
For to the hert/ it is a great pleaſyng
Often is ſene a man in indygence
To highe estate/ comen by hiſ diligēce
Opinyonſ/ with fauoured ſentencē
Sydeth the worlde/ more than verſe ſcience
There aught no man to be feirſe ne cruell
For what may fall hym ſelſe/ he can nat tell
Rather to bowe than breke/ is profitablie
Humyltie

The complaunt of Mary Magdaleyne

Humylite is a thyng comendable
 He is a sole/ that dothe his charge enhancice
 Upon promyse/ without other substance
 It sitteth nat a man to diffame
 For upon hym selfe/ shall retourne þ blame
 For to forgete a gyfte or curtesy
 Sheweth ingratitude evidently
 Sured maner/ and fewe wordes well set
 In women dothe ryghtwell/ where they be
 Seruice in court is no sure heritage (met
 It fayleth ofte/ with lytell auantage
 He that spurneth a nall with violence
 Unto hym selfe/ dothe most grefe and offeice
 To tourne to iape an iury or a wrong
 Is great wylsdome to be vld among
 Goodly reasons nat well taken ne contrude
 Semeth floures cast among beestes rude
 A wretchfull man or one in gelousye
 Aught haue no trust/ for often they wyl lye
 Cruell spekyng in a mater heynous
 Al keth ans were angry and dispitous
 There can no good endure season ne space
 But onely suche/ as come by goddes grace
 Idell pleasures vld customably (thy
 Be hard to change tho they be blame wro



Plaged in the wawe of mortall distresse
 Alas for wo/ to whom shall I complayne
 Of who shall deuoyde/this great heuynesse
 Fro me/ wofull Mary Magdaleyne (yne
 My lord is gone/ alas who wrought this tre
 This soden chaunce perceþ my hert so depe
 That nothyng can I do/but waple & wepe

He that loueth puel tales to reporte
 To make debate/ semeth well his dispozis
 Nicessyte/pouert/and indigence
 Causeþ many great inconuenience
 A meane estate is better to entendre
 Than high clymbyng/ lest one sone discende
 Right to release somcyme is no dorage
 So that it be for a moxe auantage
 In well doyng/ having a true renoun
 Bringeth a man to good conclusioun
 Forgyng god/ for this wrodes richesse
 Sheweth no faith/but slouth & gret latches
 There is nothyng so riche I you ensure
 As the seruice of god our creature
 Lytell baylith good en ample to se
 For hym that wyl nat the contrary sye
 Though that deche to vs be lamentable
 It to remembre/ is thyng most conuenable
 Thende dothe shewe every wroke as it is
 Wo may he be/ that to god endeth mys.

Thus endeth the morall proverbes
 and here foloweth the complaunt
 of Mary Magdaleyne.

My lord is gone/ þ here in graue was laid
 After his great passyon/ and deþe cruell
 Who hath hym thus agayne betrapt?
 Or what man hets about can me tell?
 Where he is become/the prince of Israell
 Jesus of Nazareth/my gosly socour
 My parfyte loue/ and hope of all honour
 What creature hath hym heng carped?
 Or howe might this/ so sodainly besall?
 I wolde I had here with hym tarped
 And so shulde I haue had my purpose all
 I bought ointmentes/ full precious & tyall
 Wherwith I hoped his corps to anoynted
 But he this gone/ my mide is dispoyned

Whyle I therfore aduertise/ and beholde
 This pitous chaunce/ here in my presence
 Full lytell matryeþ/ thogh my hert be colde
 Consydering lo/ my lordes absence
 Alas that I/ so full of negligence
 Shulde be fowle/because I come so late
 All men may say/ that I am infortunate
 Cause

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdalyne

Cause of my sorowe / men may vnderstāde
Quia tulerunt dominum meum
Another is / that I ne may fonde
I wote here / vbi posuerunt eum
Thus I must be wayle / dolorem meum
With herte weeping / I can no better deserue
Cyll derhe approche / my herte for to kerue

My herte opprest / with sodayne auenture
By feruent anguylshe / is bewrapped so
That long this lyfe I may nat endure
Such is my Payne / such is my mortall wo
Never heles / to what partie shall I go ?
In hope to fynde / myne owne turryll true
My lyues ioye / my souerayne lordē Jesu

Sithe all my ioye / that I call his presence
Is thus remoued / nowe I am full of mone
Alas the whyle / I made no prouydence
For this mishap / wherfore I sighe & grone
Socour to fynd / to what place mist I gone
Payne I wolde / to some man my herte breke
I not to whom / I may cōplayne or speke

Alone here I stande / full sorie and sadde
Whiche hoped to haue sene my lordē & kyng
Smali cause haue I / to be myry or gladde
Remembryng this byterfull departryng
In this worlde / is no creature lyueng
That was to me so good and gracious
His loue also / than golde most precious

full sore I sighe / without confort agayne
There is no cure to my saluacion
His breyng loue / my herte so doth cōstrayne
Alas / here is a wofull permutteracion
Wherof I fynde no ioye nor consolacion
Therefore my Payne / all onely to confesse
With deathe I feare / wyll ende my heuynesse

This wo and anguylshe / is intollerable
yf I byde here / lyfe can I nat sustayne
yf I go hens / my paynes be vnturale (ne
Where hi to fynde / I knowe no place certayn
And thus I not / of these thinges i wayne
Whiche I may take / & which I may refuse
My herte is wounded / heron to thike or muse

I whyle I shall stande in this mournyng
In hope / if any visyon wyll appere
That of my loue / myght tell soe good tydig
Which in to ioy / might chaunge my weyppyn
I trust i his grāce / & his mercy dere (chere
But at the leſt / thought I therid me kyll
I shall nat spare / to wayle a wepe my syll

And if that I dye in surthe aduenture
I can no more / but welcome as my chāſice
My bones shall rest here in this sepulture
My lyfe / my deathe / is at his ordynāunce
It shalbe tolde / in euclastynge remēbraunce
Thus to departe / is to me no shame
And also therof / I am nothyng to blame

Hope agaynst me / hath her course ytake
There is no moxe / but thus shall I dye
I se rightwell / my lordē hath me forsake
But in my coeſit / cause knōwe I none why
Though he be farheng / and nothyng mye
yet my wofull herte / after hym dothe ſeke
And cauſeth teeres to ren down by my chekys

Thynkyng alas / I haue lost his presence
Whiche i this worlde / was all my sustenāce
I crye and call / with herte diligēnce
But there is no wright gryueth attendaſice
Me to certifye / of myne enquierāunce
Wherfore I wyll to all this worlde betray
Hewe that my lordē is slayne & borne away

Though I mourne / it is no great wonder
Sithe he is all my ioye in ſpeciall
And nowe I thynke / we be ſo farre a ſōder
That hym to ſe / I feare neuer I shall
It helpeth no more after hym to call
Ne after hym to enquier in any coſt
Alas / howe is he thus gone and lost ?

The iewes / I thynke / full of myſery
Sette in malycy / by their busy cure
With force and myght / of gylefull trecherie
Hath intermyned / my lordē ſepulture
And boſone away that precious fygure
Leuyng of it nothynge / if they haue done ſo
Harrid I am alas / what ſhall I do
With

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

With their bēngēaunce insaciab
Howe haue they hym entreated so
That to reþoþe/it is to lamentable
They beate his body/ from toppe to the too
Neuer man was borne / that felte suchē wo
They wounded hym alas/ in all greuaunce
The blode downe reþled/ in most habūdāunce

The blody toþes/stremed downe ouer all
They hym assayled/ so malþiously
With their scourges and strokē beest pall
They spared nat/but smote incessantly
To satisfy their malþice they were full busi
They spott i his face/they smot here & there
He groned full sore/and smote many a teþe

They croþoned hi w thōnes/ sharpe & kene
The baynes rent/ the blode ran down apace
With blode ouercome/were boþe his eyen
And boþe w strokē/was his blessed face
They hym entreated/ as men wþout grace
They kneled to him/ & made many a scorne
Lyke helhōdes/they haue hym all to toþe

Upon a mighty crosse in length and bredē
These turmerours/shewēd theiris cursēdnes
They mayled hym/ without ppte or drede
His precious blode brast out in largenesse
They strayned hi a long/as men mercilesse
The very ioyntes all/to myne apparence
Byued a sonder/ for their great violence

All this I beholdyng with my eyen twayne
Stode there besyde/ with rufull attendaunce
And euer me thought/he beþng in þ payne
Loked on me/with deedly countenaunce
As he had sayd/ in his speciall remēbrānce
Farwell Magdalēn/deþte must I nedē haue
My herte is/ tanq̄ cetera liqueſcens

Whiche rufull sight/ whan I gan beholde
Out of my wytte/ I almost distraught
Tare my herte/my hādes wānge & folde
And of þ sight/ my herte drake such a draught
That many a fall sowyngh/here I caught
I bruised my body/sallyng on the grounde
Wherof I felte/many a greuous wounde

Thā these w̄tches/full of all frowardnes
Gave hym to drake/ eþself tempred wi gall
Alas/ that popson full of bytternesse
My loues cheþe/caused than to appall
And yet therof/might he nat drinke at all
But spake these wordes/as hi thought best
Father of heþyn/consummārūm eþ

Than kneled I downe/ in paynes outrage
Clypping þ crosse/ wiþ myn armes & wayn
His blode distayled downe on my visage
My clothes eþe/ the droppes dyde distayne
To haue dyed for hym/ I wōlde full sayne
But what shulde it aueye/ if I dyde so
Sith he is/ suspensus in patibulo

Thus my lordē full dere/was all distayned
With blode/ payne/ and wōudes many one
His heynes brast/ his ioyntes tyued
Partyngh a sonder/ the fleshe fro the bone
But I saþe he beng nat there alone
For cum inquisiþ deputatis eþ
Nat lyke a man/but lyke a leþroug heþ

A blinde knight/ men called Longias
With a spere appoched/ unto my souertayn
Launsyng his syde/ full pitously alas
That his precious hert/ he clauē in twayne
The purple blode/ eþe fro the hertes bayne
Downe rayled right fast/i most rufull wise
With chißall wāt/brought out of paradise

Whan I behelde this wōfull passyon
I wote nat howe/by sodayne auencie
My herte was percutid with bery þ passyon
That in me remayned no lyþe of nature
 strokē of deth/ I felte without measure
My dethes wōlde I caught/ in too opprest
And brought so þow/ as my herte shulde brast

The wōunde/hert/ and blode of my dālyng
Shall never fyde/fro my remorail
The bittē paynes also of tourmentyng
Within my soule/be grauen principall
The spere alas/ i hat was so sharpe w̄hāll
So thryled my herte/ as to my felyng
That body and soule/were at departyng
As soone

The complaint of Mary Magdalene

As soone as I might / I relenes by agayne
My brethe / I coude nat verp well resore
Felyng my selfe drowned in so great paine
Bothe body & soule / me thought were all to
Violent falles / grieved me right sore (rose
I wepte / I bledde / & with my selfe I fared
As one / that for his lyfe nothyng had cared

I loking up / to that ruffull Rode
Sawe fyall the visage pale of that sygure
But so pitous & slyght / spotted with blode
Sawe neuert yet / no lyuenge creature
So it exceeded the bondes of measure
That manes mynde / w all his wyttes spue
Is nothyng able / that Payne for to discryue

Than gan I there / myne armes to vnbbrace
Up lypsing my handes / full mourningly
I sighed / and sore sobbed in that place
Bothe heuen & erthe / might haue herde me
Weyping / & said alas / incessauncly (crys
Ah my swete bette / my gosly paramour
Alas / I may nat thy body socour

O blessed lorde / howe feirce & howe cruell
Thess cursed wyghtes / nowe hath þ slayne
Ketuyng alas / thy body euerydell
Would wan wold / full byter is thy Payne
Howe wolle that I myghte to the attayne
To nayle my body / fast vnto thy tree
So that of this Payne / thou myght go free

I can nat reporte / ne make no rehersayle
Of my demonyng / with the circumstaunce
But well I wote / þ spere with every mayle
Thickeled my soule / by inwarde reseblaunce
Whiche neuert shall / out of my remembraunce
Dulynge my life / it wyll cause me to waple
As ofte as I remembre that dasyle

My p' swes / worse than dogges rabiate
What moued you thus euellly hym to array
He never displeased you / nor caused debate
Your loue and true herdes he cougred aye
He sched / he reached / he shewed þ right way
Wherfore þ lyke tyrant / wode & wayward
Now haue him thus slayne / for his reward

ye ought to haue transbred one thyng spacy
His fauour / his grace / & magnyfesse / all
He was your prince domine / & lorde ouer all
Nowbeit ye to be hym / in small reuerence
He was full meke / in suffyng your offesse
Neuertheles / ye devouced hym w one aske
As hungry wolves / dothe þ lambe innocens

Where was your pyte / O people mercyless
Armig your selfe / with falle hed and trayson
On my lorde ye haue shewed your wodness
Lyke no men / but beestes without reason
your malycy he suffred all for the season
your Payne wyll cōe / thynke it nat to slacke
þhan haung no mercy / of mercy shall lacke

O ye traytors / & maynteners of madnesse
Unto your folly / I ascriue all my Payne
ye haue me depraved of ioye and gladnesse
So delyng with my lorde and souerayne
Nothyng shulde I neve / thus to cōplayne
yf he had lyued in peace and tranquillite
Whom ye haue slayne / through your inique

Farewell your noblenes / þ sōtyme did reyne
Farewell your worshyp / glorie and fame
Here after to lyue in hate and disdayne
þmarueyle ye nat / for your trespass & blame
Unto shame is turned all your good name
Upon you nowe / wyll woder euery nacyon
As people / of most byle reputacion

These wicked wretches / these houdes of hel
As I haue tolde playne / here in this sentece
Were nat content / my dere loue thus to quell
But yet they must embesyle his presence
As I perceyue / by couert byolencie
They haue hym conueyed to my displeasure
For here is lafte / but naked sepulcre

Wherfore of truthe / and rightfull iugement
That their malycy agayne may be accyed
After my verdyte and auysement
Of false murder / they shalbe endyed
Of theste also / whiche shall nat be respyred
And in all hast / they shalbe hanged & dyame
I wyll my selfe / plede this cause in þ lawe
Alas

The complaint of Mary Magdalene

If I had true attendance
Had styll abydene/ with my lordes conse
And kept it styll/ with true perseveraunce
Than had nat be fall/ this wofull dyuoise
But as for my Payne/ welcome & no force
This shalbe my song/ where soever I go
Departing is grounde of all my wo

I se right well/ nowe in my paynes smert
There is no wounde of so greuous dolour
As is the wounde of my carefull hert
Sith I haue lost/ thus my paramour
All swernes is touned in to soute
Mythe to my hert/ nothyng may conuey
But he that bereth therof/ bothe locke & key

The soye excellent/ of blyssed paradyse
May me alas/ in no wylle reconfoite
Song of angell/ nothyng may me luffyle
As in my hert/ nowe to make disperte
All I refuse/ but that I myght resorte
Unto my loue/ the well of godlyheed
For whose longyng/ I crowe I shalbe deed

Of paynfull labour/ & torment corporall
I make therof none exception
Paynes of hell/ I wylle passe ouer all
My loue to fynde/ in myne affection
So great to hym/ is my dilectacion
A thousande tymes/ marred wolde I be
His blessed body/ ones if I myght se

About this woldre/ so large in all compace
I shal nat spare to ren/ my lyfe duryng
My fete also/ shall nat rest in one place
Cyll of my loue/ I may here some tidynge
For whose absence/ my hedes woldre I winge
To thynke on hi/ cease shall never my mide
O gentyll Iesu/ where shall I the fynde

I crusalem wylle I settche/ place fro place
Syon/ the bale of Iosophath also
And if I fynde hym nat in all this space
By mount Olivet/ to Bethany wylle I go
These wayes wylle I wander/ & many mo
Nazareth/ Bethlem/ Montane Jude
No traueyle shall me payne hym for to se

His blessed face/ if I might se and fynde
Sith I wolde euer cost and countrey
The farthest parte of Egypc or hote Inde
Shulde be to me/ but a lytell iourney
Hewe is he thus gone or taken away
Yf I knewe the full truthe and certente
Yet from this care/released might I be

In to wyldernes/ I thynke best to go
Sith I can no more tidynge of hym here
There may I my lyfe lede/ to and fro
There may I dwell/ & to no man appere
To towne nor byllage wyl I come neare
Alone in wodes/ in rockes/ and caues depe
I may at my owne wyl/ both wade & wepe

Myne eyen tweyne/ withouten baraynce
Shall never cease/ I promysse faithfully
There to wepe/ with great abundance
Bytter teares/ runninge incessantly
The whiche teares/ medled full pitously
With the very blode/ euer shall ren also
Expreyng in myne hert/ the greuous wo

Worldly fode and sustenance I desprenone
Siche lyng as I fynde/ siche wyl I take
Rotes that growen on the craggy stonye
Shall me luffyle/ with water of the lake
Than thus may I say/ for my lordes sake
Fuerunt mihi/ lachryme me
In deserto panes/ die ac nocte

My body to clothe/ it makereth no force
In mournyng mantell shalbe suffycient
The greuous woldres/ of his pyous cors
Shalbe to me a full royall garment
He departed thus/ I am best content
His crosse with nayles/ and scourges wall
Shalbe my thought/ and Payne speciall

Thus wyl I lyeue/ as I haue here tolde
Yf I may any long tyme endure
But I feare/ dethis is ouer me so holde
That of my purpose/ I can nat be sure
My paynes encrease without mesure
For of long lyfe/ who can ley any reason
All thyng is mortall/ and hath but a season
f I sylge

The cōplaynt of Maty Magdaleyne

I sige full sore/ and it is farrer pset
Myne herte I fele nowe bledeth inwardly
The blody teares/ I may in no wylle let
Sithe of my Payne/ I fynde no remedy
I thanke god of all/ if I nowe dye
His wyl performed/ I holde me content
My soule let hym take/ that hath it me lenth

For lenger to endure/ it is intollerable
My wofull hert/ is enflamed so huge
That no sorowe/ to myne is comparable
Sithe of my mynde/ I fynde no refuge
yet/ I hym requyze/ as righ full iuge
To deuoyde fro me/ the inwarde sorowe
Lest I lyue nat to the next morowe

Within my hert/ is impreſſed full sore
His roiall forme/ his shap/ his semelynesse
His port/ his cheere/ his goodnes euermore
His noble person/ with all gentylnessse
He is the well of all parfynnesse
The very redemer of all mankynde
Him loue I best/ with hert/ soule/ & mynde

In his absence/ my paynes full bytter be
Rightwell I may it fele nowe inwardly
No wonder is/ though they hurt or flee me
They cause me to crye so rufullly
My hert oppresſed is so wonderfullly
Only for hym/ whiche is so bright of ble
Alas/ I trowe I shall hym never se

My ioye is translate full farrer in exyle
My mirthe is chaunged/ in to paynes colde
My lyfe I thynke/ endureth but a whyle
Anguylshe and Payne/ is that I beholde
Wherfore my handes/ thus I wryng & folde
In to this graue I lobe/ I call/ I praye
Sithe remayneth/ and lyfe is borne awa

Nowe must I walke/ & wadet here & there
God wote to what parties I shall me dresse
With quakynge hert/ wepyng many a tere
To seke out my loue/ and all my swetnesse
I wolde he wylt what mortall heuynnesse
About my hert/ reneweth more and more
Than wolde he nat kepe pyte long in hope

Without hym/ I may nat long endure
His loue so sore worketh within my hert
And euer I wepe/ before this sepulture
Sighynge full sore/ as my hert shulde brest
Duryng my lyfe/ I shall optayne no rest
But mourne & wepe/ where that euer I go
Makyng complaunt/ of all my mortall wo

Fast I crye/ but there is no audyence
My comyng hyder/ was hym for to please
My soule opprest is here/ with his absence
Alas/ he lyf nat to sette myne hert in ease
Wherfore/ to Payne my selfe withall disease
I shall nat spare/ tyll he take me to grace
Or els shall I starue/ here in this place

Ones/ if I myght with hym speke
It were all my ioye/ with perfyte plesaunce
So that I myght to hym my hert breke
I shulde anone deuoyde all my greuaunce
for/ he is the blysse of very recreaunce
But nowe alas/ I can nothyng doso
for in stede of ioye/ nought haue I but wo

His noble corſe/ within my hertes rote
Depe is graued/ whiche shall never slake
Nowe is he gone/ to what place I ne wote
I mourne I wepe/ and all is for his sake
Sithe he is past/ here a howe I make
With hertly promyse/ & thereto I me bynde
Neuer to cease/ tyll I may hym fynde

Unto his mother/ I thynke for to go
Of her haply/ some conforte may I take
But one thyng yet/ me ferreth and no mo
ys/ I any mencion of hym make
Of my wordes/ she wolde tremble & quake
And who coude her blae/ she haung but one
The son borne away/ the mother wyl mons

Sorowes many/ hath she suffred truly
Sithe that she fyft conceyued hym & bare
And sewyn thynges/ there be most speciall
That drowneth her hert in sorowe and care
yet lo/ in no wylle may they compare
With this one nowe/ the whiche if she knewe
She wolde her paynes/ euerichone renewe
Great

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

Great was her sorowe/ by mennes sayeng
Whan in the temple/ Symeon Justus
Shewyng to her these wordes/ profycieng
Tuam animam/ pertransibit gladius
Also whan Herode/ that tyrant furious
Her chylde pursued in euery place
For his lyfe went/ neyther mercy ne grace

She mourned/ whan she knewe hym gone
Full long she sought/or she hi founde ayens
Whan he went to deth/ his crosse him upon
It was to her sight/ a rufull Payne (yne
Whan he heng theron/bittwene theunes twa
And the speare/bnto his hert thrust right
She sowned/ and to the grounde therewright

Whan deed and blody/in her lappe lay
His blessed body/bothe hades & fete all toze
She cryed out/ & sayd: nowe welaway
Thus arrayed/ was never man before
Whan hast was made/his body to be boze
Unto this sepulture/ here to remayne
Wherethes for wo/she coude her sustayne

These sorowes. viij. lyke s' werd/ euerichone
His mother's hert wounded/fro syde to syde
But if she knewe her sonne thus gone
Out of this worlde/she shulde w deth ryde
For care/she coude no lenger here abyde
Hauyng no more ioye nor consolacion
Than I/ here standyng in this stacion

Wherfore/her to se I dare nat presume
From her presence/ I wyll my selfe refrayne
Yet had I leuer to dye and consume (yne
Than his moder shulde haue any more pa
Nuertheles/her son wolde I se full fayne
His presence was very ioye and swetnesse
His absence is/but sorowe and heuynesse

There is no more/ sithe I may hi nat mete
Whom I desyre/ aboue all other thyng
Frides I must/take the soure w the swete
For of his noble cose/I here no ridyng
Full ofte I crye/and my handes wryng
My herte alas/reletherh all in payne
Whiche wyll brast/ bothe senewe & dayne

Alas/ howe vnhappy was this wofull hout
Wherin is thus mispended my seruice
For myn entent/ and eke my true labout
To none effecte may come/in any wylle
Alas/ I thynke if he do me dispree
And lyft nat to take/my symple obseruasice
There is no more/but deth is my synaunce

I haue hym called/ sed non respondet inchi
Wherfore my myrthe is turned to mourning
Dere lorde/ quid mali feci tibi
That me to cōfōrte/ I synde no earthly thing
Alas/ haue compaſſyon of my cryng
yf from me/faciem tuam abscondis
There is no more/but consumere me big

Within my hert/is grounded thy fygure
That all this worlde/horrible tourment
May nat it aſwage/it is so wout measure
It is so brennyng/it is so feruent
Remembre lorde/ I haue ben diligent
Cuer the to please onely/and no mo
My hert is with the/ where soever I go

Wherfore my dere darlyng/trahē me post to
And let me nat stande/ thus desolate
Quia non est/ qui consoletur me
My hert for the is disconsolate
My paynes also/nothyng me moderate
Nowe/ if it lyft the to speke with me a lyue
Come in hast/for my hert a ſüder wyll ryue

To the I profer lo/ my poore seruice
The for to please/after myne owne entent
I offre here/ as in deuout sacrifice
My boze replete/with preciuous oyntment
My eyen twayne/wepyng ſufficient
My herte with anguylſhe/fulfilled is alas
My ſoule eke redy/for loue about to passe

Brought els haue I/the to please or paye
For if my hert were golde or preciuous ſtone
It shulde be thynke/without delay
With hertly chere/ þ shuldest haue it anone
Why ſuffreſt thou me than to ſtandē alone
Thou hast I crowe/my wepyng i diſdayn
Dz els thou knowest nat what is my payn
f. iij. yf thou

The cōplaynt of Mary Magdaleyne

Yf thou withdrawe thy noble daylance
For ought that euer I displeased the
Thou knowest right well it is but ignorance
And of no knowledge for certaynþe
Yf I haue offended lord þe forgyue me
Gladde I am for to make full repentaunce
Of all thyng that hath ben to thy greuāce

My hert alas swelleth within my chest
So sore oppress with anguylshe & Payne
That all to peceþ forsoþe it wyl brest
But if I se thy blessed corſe agayne
For lyfe ne dethe I can nat me refrayne
Yf thou make delay thou mayſt be ſure
My hert wyl leape in to this ſepulture

Alas my lord why fareſt þu thus with me
My tribulacion yet haue in mynde
Where is thy mercy where is thy pyte
Whiche euer I truſted in the to fynde
Sotyme þ were to me boþe good & kynde
Lette it please the my prayer to accept
Whiche with teres I haue here bewept

On me thou oughtest to haue very ruthe
Sithen for the is all this mournyng
For sith I to the aplyghed ſirſt my truþe
I neuer baryed with discordyng
That knowest þ best myne owne darlyng
Why conſtraynest thou me thus to wayle
My wo forſoþe can the noþyng aueyple

I haue endured without baryance
Right as þ knowest thy louer iust & trewe
With hert & thought aye at thy orþynaunce
Lyke to the Saphyre alway in one hewe
I neuer chaunged the for no newe
Why withdrawest thou my presence
Sithen all my thought is for thyne absence

With hert entere I wete lord I crye to the
Englyne thyne eares to my peticion
And come velociter exaudi me
Remembre my hertes dispocisyon
It may nat endure in this condycion
Therefore out of these paynes libera me
And where thou arte pone me iuxta te

Let me beholde O Iesu thy blessed face
Thy fayre gloriouſe angelyke viſage
Bowe thyne eares to my complaynt alas
For to conuey me out of this rage
Alas my lord take fro me this damage
And to my desyre for mercy condiscende
For none but þ maye my greuaunce amende

Alas my good lord I the beseche & pray
As thou reyſed my brother Lazarus
From deþe to lyfe the fourthe day
Came agayne in body and ſoule precious
As great a thyng mayſt þ ſhewe unto vs
Of thy ſelue by the power of thy god heed
As thou dyde of hym lyeng in graue deed

My hert is wounded with thy charite
It brenmeth it flameth inceſtauntly
Come my dere lord ad adiuuandum me
Alas be nat long my Payne to multiply
Lest in the meane tyme I departe and dye
In thy grace I put boþe hope & cōſydeþe
To do as it pleaseth thy hys magnyfycence

Flodes of deþe and trypulacion
In to my ſoule I fele entred full deþe
Alas that here is no conſolacion
Cuer I wayle euer I mourne and wepe
And ſorowe hath wounded my hert full deþe
O dere loue no matueyple is though I dye
Sagitte tue infire ſunt mihi

Wandring in this place as in Wyldernesſe
No comforþe haue I noþ yet auſſurance
Desolate of ioye replete with fayntnesſe
No anſwere receyuing of myne indraunce
My hert also graued with diſpleaunce
Wherfore I may ſaye O deus deus
Non est dolor ſicut dolor meus

My hert exprefſeth quod dilexi multum
I may nat endure though I wolde ſayne
For nowe ſolum ſuperel ſepulcrum
I knowe it right well by my huge Payne
Thus for loue I may nat lyfe ſustayne
But o god I muse what ayleþ the
Quod ſic repente precipitas me

Alas

The complaint of Mary Magdalene

Thus I se/ it wyl none other wyse be
Nowe must I take my leaue/ for euermore
This bptter payne/hath almost disyspt me
My loues corse/ I can in no wyse resore
Alas/ to this wo/that euer I was born
Here at his tōbe/ nowe must I dye & flaine
Dyche is about/ my herte for to carue

My testament/ I wolde begyn to make
To god the fathet/my soule I comende
To Iesu my loue/that dyed for my sake
My herte and all/ bothe I gyue and sende
In whose loue/my lyfe maketh an ende
My body also/ to this monument
I here bequeth/bothe hore and oyntment

Of all my wylles/ to nowe I make the last
Right in this place/ within this sepulture
I wyl be buryed/ when I am dead & past
And vpon my graue/ I wyl haue this scry
Hers wth resteth/ a goostly creature (pure
Christes true louer/Mary Magdalene
Whose herte for loue/ brake in peces thaynes

ye vertuous women/tender of nature
Full of pyte and compassyon
Resoure I praye you/ vnto my sepulture
To syng my dirige/ with great deuocion
Sowthe your charite in this condycion
Syng with pyte/ & lette your hertes wepe
Remembryng I am dead/ and layde to sleep

Than/ whan ye begyn to parte me fro
And ended haue/your mourning obseruance
Remembryng where soever ye go
Alway to serche/ & make due enquiry/auance
After my loue/ my hertes sustenaunce
In every towne/ and every byllage
Ye pe maye here of his noble ymage

And if it happe/ by any grace at last
That ye my trueloue fynde in any cost
Say that his Magdalene is dead & past
For his pure loue/hath yeled hym her goost
Say that of alchyng/I loued hym most
And that I myght nat this dethe eschewe
My paynes so soze/ dyde euer remedie

Ind in token of loue perpetuall
Whan I am buryed in this place present
Take out my herte/ the very rote and all
Ind close it within this boke of oyntment
To my deere loue/make therof a present
Enchyng bothe with wordes lamentable
Do your message/ speke fayre and treable

Say that to hym/ my selfe I comende
I thousande tymes/ with heit so free
This poure token/say to hym I sende
Pleaseth his goodnesse/ to take it in gte
It is his vigne of right/it is his fee
Whiche he as hed/ whan he said long before
Gye me thy herte/ and I desyre no more

I due my lord/ my loue so fayre of face
I due my tuckell bone/ so fresshe of huse
I due my myrche/a due all my solace
I due alas/ my sauour lord Iesu
I due the gentyllest that euer I knewe
I due my most excellent paramour
Fayre than rose/ sweter than lilly flour

I due my hope/ of all pleasure eternall
My lyfe/ my welch/ and my prosperite
My herte of golde/my peccill orientall
My alement/ of petfyte charite
My chesc refuge/ and my felycite
My confort/ and all my recueacion
Farewell my perpetuall saluacion

Farewell myne emperour celestyall
Spoff beautifull prince of all mankynde
I due my lord/ of herte most lyberall
Farewell my sweetnesse/ bothe soule & mynde
So louyng a spouse shall I never fynde
I due my soueraigne/ and very gentleman
Farewell deere herte/ as hertly as I can

Thy wordes eloquent/flowing in swetnesse
Shall no mane alas/ my mynde recolort
Wherfore my lyfe must ende in byternesse
For in this woldre shall I never resor
To the whiche was my heuenly dispott
I alas/ it wyl none other be
Farewell the grounde of all dignite
f.iii. I due

The prologue

I due the fayrest that euer was boore
Alas, I may nat se your blessed face
Nowe weaway that I shall se no more
Thy blessed visage so replete with grace
Wherin is printed my parfyte solace
I due my hert rote and all for euer
Nowe farwell I must from the discouer

My soule for anguisshe is nowe full thursty
I faynt right soore for heynnesse
My lorde my spouse cut me dereliquyssh
Sith I for the suffre all this distresse
What causeth the to semme this mercyless
Sith it the pleaseth of me to make an ende
In manus tuas my spyrite I comende.

Thus endeth the cōplaint of Mary ma
gdaleyn and herafter foloweth the
letter of Dydo to Eneas: and
lyght the prologue of the
translatour.

Folke disconfuted bere heyn coütenaunce
As ye haue cause so ordet your chere
But yet some folke whiche bise dissemblance
Wolde say other meanes moche better were
That is to say good coütenaunce to bere
Whā ye haue cause of thought or heynnesse
That folke yceyue nat your grefe & distress

But as for me me thynke playnnesse is best
After your chere to shewe your wo
Shewe outwarde what ye bere win your
Sith ye of force must chuse one of the two
Cyther among the dissemblers to go
Or els be playne chose after your lust
But playnnesse is the waye of parfyte trut

To purpose so thus wyse it is ment
Bycause that I haue loued very long
And haue no ioye vnto this day preuent
Constrained me to wryte this rufull songe
Of poore Dydo forsaken by great wronge
Of false Ene who causeth my hād to shake
For great furye that I ayenst hym take

Wh false b̄trouth b̄kide delyng a double
Whā hāde quakereth whān I w̄rite thy name
Thou hast brought all true louers i trouble
By thy b̄trouth wh̄fore o lady fame
Blowe by thy trupe of slauder & of shame
Forth with to shewe of Ene his false delyng
Make me your clerke slyp̄ly as I can w̄rite

Shall I go to the well of Helycon
To the muses for to pray them of ayde
Nay nay alas for they wepe everythone
For pore Dydo thus pitously arayde
And nowe Juno accepteth her dismayde
For the knot that she trusted shulde last
Is nowe become bothe lose and unlesdall

What remedy where Hulde I seke socout
Of Niobe of Myrra or of Wyblis
Of Medea or Lucrece the romayne flout
None of the all may graunt me helpe in this
Nor yet Venus that goddes of loue is
She is pacciall she loueth Enee so
Wherfore helpe me pe cruell Celeno

For lyke as I barreyn of eloquence
Presume to translate nat worthy to b̄te
The ynkhorn of the þ w̄rite I good sente
For leynyn lacketh and reason is nat cleve
Afore poetes my w̄orkes dare nat appere
Whiche causeth me helpe to requyre
Of Celeno full of enuyous þre

Prayeng all chēm that shall this rede or
To be content at this my poore request
In this translacion to pardon me
And of my mynde to reporte the best
To translate frenche I am nat redyssh
No matuyple is sith I was never yet
In those p̄ties where I might lāgage gete

Fro Troy destroyed full passed yeres seyp̄
Thus Eneas arryued at Carthage
And at the last by influence of heyn
Mette with his folkes tossed in þ seys rage
Venus and Juno intended maryage
Betwene him & Dido but this b̄true man
Brake þ p̄myse wherfore thus she began
Thus endeth the prologue.

The letter of Dydo to Cleas



Right (as þ I wan) whan her dethe is nyt
 Swetely dothe syng/ her fatall deteny
 Lykewise/ I Dido/ for all my true loue
 Whiche by no prayer/can you remoue
 Nor hath in you/no more hope of lyfe
 Write unto you/my sorowes most pelyfe
 For well knowe I/my chaunces be so yll
 That they shalbe þ troublers of my wyll
 But siche that I haue lost all my renowne
 Whiche þ through the worlde dyd sowne
 But a small losse is/of the surplusage
 As for to lose wordz/writynge/ or message
 Cnee/ ye take a great iourney in hande
 To forsake poore Dido/ & all her lande
 So by one wynde shalbe forthe past (makk
 your saithe/ pnyse/ your sayle & eke your
 Howe ye delyte to dresse your passage
 In hope therby/to haue auaantage
 And for to seche Italyens groundes
 Whiche be nat yet within your boundes
 Pleaseth nat you/this cyte of Cartage
 Nor the coutre nor lade good for tyllage
 The thynges well done and sure/ye dispise
 Thyngs; bncertayne/ ye settche & enterprise
 But what be they at your aduyse Cnee
 By whom their lande gouerned shalbe
 And submyt the to you a poore strager
 Wyll they to your lawes/ put the selfe in
 Certeyn/as by your dedes I pceyue (dager
 Other louers/in recompence ye haue

And if ye haue faithe of another lady
 She shalbe disceyued/ as well as I
 But whan tyme shall ebe/ the day & hour
 That ye shall bynde a mighty strōg tour
 And a cyte/ Cartage to resemble
 To the whiche people shall assemble
 That your renowne may be spred ouer all
 Holdyng your ceptre/in your chere tyall
 Howe put the case/suche be your desteny
 That ye may happe/gouerne all Italy
 yet shall ye never haue spouse nor wif
 Rynder than me/ I loue you as my lyfe
 I bren as hore/sithe loue made my hert tāe
 As b.istone/ whiche in þ syre dothe flame
 Knowe ye for trouþ/whan ye caile in þ seeg
 I shall haue you alway before myn eyg
 yet alway feitcs and forgetfull ye be
 Of otherys welthe/ye haue enuy I se
 Well ought I than/were I a symple wight
 Hete his swete wordz/ & slye fro his sight
 But though that he wyll slye fro me
 I can nat forȝete/noz hate my swete Cnee
 I playne enough/of his dealyng vntrue
 But somoth more/loue doth my hert sub
 D Cupido/ & ye Cnee his moder dere (dus
 Haue some pyte/of my soroufull chere
 And lyke as ye/with your peersyng darte
 With loue of false Cnee/stroke me to þ hert
 To thende that he/in whom I put my trus
 Pyte my weyng/ and be nat bniust
 Alas/howe moche hath it be my domage
 That I trusted to his plesat visage/hour
 And to moch for trouþ/ deceyued was I þ
 Whan his beaute wan me wout socour
 Certes in maners/in swetenesse/ & in grace
 To his mother/ bnyke in every place
 For she is swete/and he is bnynde
 A droppe of trouþe/in hi I can nat finde
 I beleue than/ & thynke it without blame
 ye were never borne/ of so swete a dame
 But borne i rockz/ i thornes/or amg breers
 Among tygres & wolues/cruell and feers
 There were ye borne/ & lyued wout norture
 For without mercy/ þ arte of thy nature
 D I may saye surely without dout
 In the see/ thy byrd was brought about
 And in þ same/where þ haddest thy spryng
 Thou folowest in nature thy begynning
 But

The letter of Dydo to Engas

But whether lyest thou/ thou falleſt Engas

In what perill is thy lyfe ordyned to be
What/ seſt nat þ intrue and frowardē

The gret troublē/ þ eſtēre tolde & harde
And of the ſee/ the water whiche dothe ſwell

Whiche far to palle/ be right depe & etuell
Seſt þ nat also/ howe forze of þ wynde

Is ayenſt þ/ print these thiſſ in thy mide
Certainly/ the tempeſt and the rage

Is more ſedafſt/ than is thy falſe coraſe
And more there is/ of lurete in the ſee

Than i thy will/ which maketh me to blaſmas/ I haue nat at þ ſomoch enuy (me the

To willſe þ hurt/ though þ thike contrary
Nor to deſyze/ for to reuenge myne angre

To put your lyfe in ſo pytous daunger
But ayenſt me/ great hate ye haue coceyued

And moch deſyze/ þ I ſhulde be deceyued
Sithen that ye wyll/ ſuſche daunger vndertake

But to thentent/ þ ye may me forſake
It appereth well/ ye care nat for to dye

Sithen ye ſo lone/ put your lyfe in iecydy
Carry a ſpace/ if that it may you please

Tyl that the ſee be moze calme & at eaſe
To thende that ye/ for enuy or for ſtryfe

Of your goyng/ ye do nat leſe your lyfe
Haue ye nat knownen/ the troublous tempeſt

Whiche in þ ſee dothe ryſe/ fro ſu to weſt
Chouſade dāgers hourly there doth encreſe

Dught ye nat than of your iorney to eſe
But ſithen ye haue dayly great buſynesse

Wherof cometh your froward wylfulneſſe
That ye wolde ſayle/ & in payne be moued

Marueyle nat than/ though ye be reſued
For certainly/ they be never well auſſured

Whiche hnto ladyes/ ſo ofte be periured
But tolle & ſayle/ after their faſthe is gone

Whan they haue leſte their ladyes alone
Of trouthe þ ſee dothe oft drowne & receyue

Win his waſes/ folk; which luſt deceyue
Chely on falſe louers/ that dothe beſtall

And the reaſon is this/ for ſyſt of all
Venus þ goddes/ whose ſervauſt/ louers be

Was engendred of the ſome of the ſee
Alas/ what feare my hert diſtropeth

Why doute I to anoy hym þ me anoyeth
Better were to lyue and contynuue brethe

I loue moch moze/ þo lyfe than yo dethe

And rather deſyze/ to dye with a good wyll

Than ye ſhulde ſayle & be in great peryll
I pray you nowe/ ſet your hert at reſt

Se howe the ſees are troublus/ w iepet
In your ſayling/ is many a quicke ſande

Whan ye deparc fro me/ and fro my lade
And if it chaūce/ ye be drowned at a clappe

But I pray god kepe you/ fro ſuſche myſſ
Whan ye & your ſhip be lyke to periſhe (happ

That ye were here/ than wyll often wyſhe
Than Enne/ your falſe ſorſ weryng

First ſhall come/ to your vnderſtādying
Than in your mynde/ Ho do ye ſhall alſy

Whom by diſcet/ ye haue cauſed to dye
Than ſhall ye ſe/ to make your hert pelyſſe

The colde ymage/ of your diſceyued wife
Heuy/ thoughtfull/ wh heres pulde fro her bed

Spotted in blode/ wounded/ nat fully ded
Whan yo lyfe ſapleth/ thā ſhall ye ſigh ſore

And ſay/ I haue deſtrued thiſ & moze
Ha my dere frende/ gryue & lytell ſpace

To þ ſees rage/ which doth you manace
Carry a whyle/ ſoourne a ſpace ye may

Tyll that there come/ a moze goodly day
And it may be/ that all theſe waſnes great

Shall well apeſe/ & no moze þ rockis hets
And if ye haue banſhied fro me periy

Haue ye regarde/ to your ſonne Alcany
Shall pour ſome ſe my ſorowfull treſpace

Whō ye haue kept/ i many a diuers place
Haue ye your folke fro fyſe of Troy to wiſe

To thēde/ þ the gret ſee ſhulde the drowne
I am nat the fyſt/ I knowe for certayne

Whom your langage/ hath cauſed to co-
But ye þ were/ well lemed for to lyve (miferie

Haue abuſed me alas/ through my folly
your pitous wordi/ whā I herd wh myn eyes

My eyes were moued to ſtāde ful of teeres
Aſter/ my hert moche enclyned to pyte

Was holly moued/ to haue your amye
That redy wyl/ and my defaut ſodapne

Shall nowe be cauſe/ of my later payne
I thynke for trouth/ that god for your vice

In eche place/ ſhal you puniſhe & chaffice
Seuyn peres wout reſt/ by lande & by ſee

ye were in waſnes/ and great aduerſytye
At the laſt/ weder diuen ye were hyder

I was content/ þ we ſhulde lyue togidet

And

The letter of Dydo to Eneas

And by payne had / of your name knowlege
My body & landes / to you I dyd pledge
Wolde to god that the fame & yll renowne
On my sygne / were bterly layde downe
I was to blame / to endyne and reioyce
In the swete wordis of your pitous voice
Trusyng your true spouse to be
But the fayntnesse of loue disceyued me
Pardon ye me / of that I was so swyfte
I dyde it nat for golde / nor for no gyfte
One that seemed kynde / louyng and honest
Quertame me / to folowe his request
His noble blode / and hit swete couenaunce
Gau me good hope / & of mynde assuranc
I knowe no womā / so good nor so wylle (ce
That wolde the loue of suchē one dispice
For in hym is no defaut but one (ne
He lacketh pyte / whiche causeth me to mo
yf goddes wyl be / that ye shall nedes bens
I wolde he had forbode you my presēs
Alas / ye se and knowe this without fayle
That your people be very of traueyle
And to haue rest / they wolde be very fayne
Tyll that they may be esed of their payne
Also your shippes be nat fully prest
Your sayles broken / your gables yet unfest
yf I of you haue ought deserued
By any thyng / wherin I haue you fued
And euer wyl serue you / in my best wyse
For recompence at leſt of that seruice
I pray you hertely / let this be done
Purpose your mynde / nat to go so lone
Tyll the tyme that the see and the rage
Be well apesed / & of his wawes al wage
And tyll that I may suffre with good hert
Your depture / sithe ye wyl nedes depart
And more easely / suffre and endure
Thought / traueyle / payne / & displeasure
For in goodfaiſthe / I trust of very trothe
That ayest me ye can nat long be wroth
yet I pray you / come regarde the ymage
Of her that wrote to you this langage
Alas I write / and to encrease my sorowe
There liadeth þ swerde / þ shall kyll me to
þ my teres / this swerde is spotted (mōrōwe
Whiche in my brest / in hast shalbe blotted
And all shalbe in stede of teres on þ swerde
Spotted with blode / trust me at a worde

Ha / the swerde þe leſte me whan ye went
To my desbny is conuenyent
Of an vnhappy offryng & gyfte but small
My sepulture is made great therwithall
This shall nat be the fyre glayue or darte
That hath peſed me to the herte
For afore this / loue þ letteth folke to stole
Wounded me soſe / I le I was more sole
O ſuſter Anne / ye knewe my hert dyd blede
Or I cōſentend vnto this deſe
Whan I am dead / and brent to alſhes colde
Than ſhall ye ſerch / & w þo hād vntolde
The pouder of my bones / and ſurely hepe
In your chambre / there as ye vſe to ſlepe
Fro I be dead / folkes wyl no more call me
Chast Dido / ſomtyme wyfe to Deſe
On the marble ſhall ſtandē this ſcripture
As an Epitaphe / vpon my ſepulture
Here lyeth Dido / to whom Enee vntrewe
Gaue cauſe of deſt / & þ swerde þ her ſlewe.

¶ Lenuoy of the translatour.

¶ ye good ladpes / whiche be of tender age
Beware of loue / ſithe men be full of craſte
Though ſome of the wylle pmyſe mariage
Their lust fulylde / ſuche pmyſe wylbe laſt
For many of them / can wagge a falſe ſhaft
As dyd Enee / cauſe of quene Dydōſe deſe
Whose dede / I hate & ſhall durig my bretche

And if that ye wyl you to loue ſubbis
As thus I meane / vnto a good entent
Se that he be ſecrete / ſtedfaſt and true
Or that ye ſet your mynde on hym ſeruent
This is myne aduife / that ye neuer conſent
To do þ thing / whiche folkes may reþouie
you in any thyng / þ ye haue done for loue.

¶ Thus endeth þ letter of Dydo to Eneas
and here foloweth a lytell exorta
cion / howe folke ſhulde be
haue them ſelſe
in all cōpa
nies.

Proverbes of Lydgate

Cōsulō quicq̄s eris / A pacis fedeta quetis
Cōsonus esto lupis: cū quibz esse cupis.

Icounsayle / what soever thou be
Of policy / foresight / and prudence
ys thou wylte lyue in peace and bnyte
Conforme thy selfe / & thinke on this sentence
Where soever thou holde resydence
Among wolues / be woluyshe of corage
A lyon with lyons / a lambe for innocence
And lyke the audyence / so bitter thy langage

The bnycorne is caught w̄ maydens songe
By disposition / recordē of scripture
With cormorantes / make thy necke long
In pondes depe / thy prayes to recure
Among foxes / be foxisshē of nature
Among raueners / thynde / for thy auātage
With empty hande / men may nat hauk / lufe
And lyke the audyence / so bitter thy langage

With holy men / speke of holynesse
And with glotons / be delycate of thy fare
With dronken men / do surfettes by excesse
And among wasters / no spending þ spare
With wodcockes letne for to dare (lage
And sharpe thy knyfe / with pyllers for pyl
Lyke the market / so prayse thy chaffare
And lyke the audyence / so bitter thy langage

With an otter / spare ryuer none nor ponde
With them that fyret / robbe connyngers
A blode hōude with bowe & arowe in hōde
Maugre the watche / of fosters and parkers
Lyke the felowship / spare no daungers
For lyfe nor dethe / thy lyfe put in mōrgeage
Amōg knyghts / squiers / chanōs / mōkes fress
Lyke the audyence / bitter thy lāgage (ers

Danyell lay / a prophet notable
Of god preserued / in prisōn with lyons
Where god lyst spare / a tygre is nat bēgea
No cruelle beestes / beres nor gryffons (ble
And if thou be in caues with dragons
Remembrie howe Abacuke brought pottage
So farre to Danyell / to many regions
As case requyret / so bitter thy langage

With wylle men talke of sapience
With phylosophers / speke of phylosophye
With shipmen sayling / that haue experiece
In troublous sc̄es / how they shall the gye
And with poetes talke of poertye
Be not presūptuous / of chere nor of visage
But where thou comest / in any company
Lyke the audience / so bitter thy langage

This lytell dyte / to conclude in menyng
Who that cast hym this rule for to kepe
Must conforme hym lyke in every thyng
Where he shall byde / unto the felowshēpe
With wache men wāke / w̄ sluggy men slepe
With wode men wode / w̄ frācke folke sauā
Ben w̄ beestes / w̄ wylde wormes crepe (ge
And lyke the audyence / bitter thy langage

Among all these / I counsayle yet take hede
Where thou abydest / or rest in any place
In chefe loue god / & w̄ thy loue haue dredē
And be feartfull agayne hym to trespass
With vertuous men encres shall thy grace
And vicious folke are cause of gret domage
In every felowship / so for thyself purchase
Where dñe reigneþ / ther bitter thy lāgage

Be payde with lytell / cōtent with suffisance
Clymbe nat to hyc / thus bpddeþ Socrates
Glad pouert is / of treasours most substance
And Caton saithe / is none so great enreas
Of wordly treasour / as for to lyue in peas
Whiche among dñies / hach the bassalage
I take recordē of Diogynes
Whiche to Alexander had this langage

His palays was a lytell poore tonne
Whiche on a whelle with hym he gan cary
Baddē this emperour / ryde out of þ sonne
Whiche dēpt hiselſe richer than kyng Dary
Kept w̄ his bessell / fro wynd / most contrarie
Wherin he made dayly his passage
This phylosopher / w̄ princes lyſt nat tary
Nor in their presence / to bitter no langage

Witwene these twayne / a great comparyson
Kyng Alexander / he conquered all
Diogynes

Proverbes of Lydgate

Diogines lay in a small dongion (ball
Lyke sondrie weders/ whiche tourned as a
fortune to Alexander/gaue a sodayne fail
The philosopher disposed the compynage
He thought vertue was more imperiall
Tha is aquerance/w all his proude lagage

Antony and Poule/ dispysed all richesse
Lyued in desert/of wylfull pouerte
Cesar and Pompey/of marciall wodnesse
By their enuyous compassed cruelte (myte
Bitwene Germany & Alstyke was great en
No cōparisyon bytwix good greyn & forage
Prayse euery thyng lyke to his degre
And lyke the audyence/so hitter thy langage

I founde a lykenesse depicte vpon a wall
Armed in vtrues/as I walked vp & downe
The heed of thre full solempne and ryall
Intellectus/Memorie/ and Reason
With eyen andeares/of clere discretion
Mouche and tongue/auoyden all outrage
Agayne the vype of false detraction
To do no surfeit/in woyde nor in langage

Hande and armes/with this discretion
Where so men haue/ force or feblenesse
Truely to meane/ in his affection
For fraude or fauoz/ to folowe rightwinesse
Durayles inwarde/deuocion w mkenesse
Passing Pigmalion whch graued an ymage
Prayed to Venus/of louers chefe goddesse
To graut it lyfe/ and quickenesse of lagage

Of hole entent/ pray we to Christ Iesu
To quicke a sygure in our conscience
Reason as heed/with membes of vertue
Afore rehersed/ brefely in sentence
Under supporte of his magnifcence
Christ so list gouern/ oþ wordly pilgrimage
Bitwene vice and vertue/to sette a difference
To his pleasure/to beter our langage.

¶ finis.

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to the kynges most nob
ble grace.